

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XVIII.—No. 464.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, 1905.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.]



KETURAH-COLLINGS.

THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.

16, N. Audley St., W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT ... AND THE POOR.

At a time when there is so much random talk about the poor and the unemployed, and when it is so difficult to ascertain the true facts of the situation, the publication of a Local Government Board Report comes like a ray of welcome light. Here the facts are stated as far as possible by means of figures, and certainly without any political bias. They are singularly illuminative of the social condition of the people of England at the present moment, and demonstrate in a remarkable manner the truth of statements that sometimes have been regarded as contentious. For example, it has been freely asserted that the exodus from the country consists mostly of the young and able-bodied, and that the aged and feeble are alone left to do the work of agriculture. Those who were in close touch with rural affairs knew before that this was an absolutely veracious account of the state of affairs, and the Local Government Board Report more than confirms their conclusions. It states that the principal reason why pauperism has settled in agricultural districts is the enormous number of old people who are left on the land. In Herefordshire, which contains more paupers than any other county in England, 77 persons out of each 1,000 are over sixty-five years of age. To understand the bearing of these figures they should be compared with a similar return for the West Riding of Yorkshire, which has only half the number of paupers, and where the proportion of old people is 38 as compared with 77. This significant statement on the part of the official responsible for the report ought to lead to still further enquiry. If the rural exodus produces this effect in the country, another cause most certainly acts in the same way in the town, and that is the action of the various Trades Unions. These, by insisting on uniform wages and uniform hours, are hindering employers from caring to engage any but the ablest of the work-people. It hardly requires to be stated that the period of old age seems ever to be coming nearer. "Too old at forty" is becoming more than a passing cry, and those familiar with the working people are aware of the pathetic devices to which they have to resort to maintain an appearance of youth, the use of cheap hair-dyes being very common amongst them. In the country it is generally assumed that a man can go on at his usual work, provided that he does not meet with any serious illness or accident, till he reaches the age of about sixty-five; but for town workers the period of old age probably begins much

earlier. From among such men the ranks of the unemployed are constantly and increasingly being recruited.

However, old age is not the only, or even the chief, source of pauperism. Mr. Lockwood states frankly that it is due in a large measure to administration, which means that the amount of pauperism in the country has ceased to be an accurate measure of its prosperity or its distress. Where relief is large and indiscriminate the total number of official paupers will naturally look enormous, though the proportion of people in work may be as high as in the district where comparatively few are relieved. The county of Shropshire is taken to illustrate this side of the argument. It has suffered nearly as much as Herefordshire from the departure of its young men, and the proportion of old persons is actually 70 in the 1,000; yet the proportion of pauperism is small, and this result is attributed to the efficiency with which the Poor Law is carried out, and the influence of the late Sir Baldwin Leighton, which is still felt in the county, even though he is now dead. In contrast with this latter we may take West Ham, where the number of paupers rose in one year from 16,053 to 27,513. That this was no genuine increase scarcely needs stating; it only means that, owing to the more liberal scale of relief adopted, more people were pauperised in West Ham in 1904 than had been the case previously. During that year the proportion of the unemployed throughout the country wavered between 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. of those who were actually engaged at work, and it would be absurd to suppose that in a single district the increase was so enormous as compared with that in the rest of the country. Mr. Lockwood, who reports on this part of the subject, refers to Mr. Long's scheme for providing employment in very guarded terms. Behind his official reserve it is quite easy to see how clearly he perceives the dangers lying behind the amiable wish on the part of so many philanthropic people to provide work for the unemployed. He is of opinion that if a permanent office is to be established for the purpose of dealing with the periods of depression, either seasonal or of longer duration, it would be necessary to take very careful precautions against people leaving their natural employment to seek work provided for the destitute.

The individual inspectors of the Local Government Board have much that is interesting to say of the districts in which they are respectively engaged. Mr. Court is an inspector of that extending between London and Northamptonshire, and deals with that depression in the boot and shoe trade which led to a certain march of the unemployed to London. The town of Northampton at one time was spending the enormous sum of £400 a week on its paupers, in addition to the cost of emergency works established by the Corporation. It is somewhat piteous to think that the funds seem to have been practically wasted. Mr. Court says, "Irregular relief work has such charms that numerous instances have been noted of men throwing up regular work at wages of 18s. to 19s. to earn from 5s. to 7s. in a stone-yard." He, with not unwarrantable sternness, gives the following hint to the Northampton Guardians: "A stricter investigation of cases and a transfer of a portion of their sympathies from the applicants for relief to the poorer ratepayers is advisable." Mr. Jenner Fust, the inspector for Lancashire and Westmorland, has a somewhat similar tale to tell, although the distress was not so great in his district as it was elsewhere in the country. One point he makes is, that employers are afraid of the Workmen's Compensation Act, and he suggests that more men would find employment if they were allowed to work at their own risk. His very intelligent report shows that the problem of poverty is being attacked in Lancashire with the usual determination and shrewdness of the people of that county. In Yorkshire pauperism is low, but, as in other places, it has shown a tendency to increase of recent years. In 1905 the increase of paupers over the number in 1900 was 7,000. Mr. Bagenal is the inspector for this district, and the most interesting part of his report is that which deals with the system of scattering children in various houses instead of having them all together. In Gloucestershire, according to the report of Mr. Wethered, the distress is making itself felt in such a way that many of those who are feeling it refuse to give the usual support to their poor relations, a matter with which it has always been difficult to deal. The inspector for Wales reports that, though trade is brisk, pauperism is rising, and attributes the fact simply to administration. He is inclined to think that guardians go far beyond their proper sphere, which is to deal with distress and not with the poverty that only approaches it. In fact, the general conclusion to be drawn from these experts' reports is that the country has been given over to a good deal of hysterical sentimentalism, and that it has incurred a heavy bill in consequence.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Marchioness of Exeter. Lady Exeter is the only daughter of Lord Bolton, and married in 1901 the fifth Marquess of Exeter.

COUNTRY



NOTES

AS was to be expected, the Queen's generous gift to the unemployed has led many people to follow her example, with the result that a substantial fund is being formed for the relief of distress. Lord Mount Stephen has contributed a sum of £10,000 towards it, and with the gift he sends a letter that is well worth attention. In it he points out that charity is far from being a remedy for the existing state of our working classes. On the other hand, it may be as well for someone to say to the leaders of the agitation that their fulmination against capitalists does not form a remedy either. If capital be terrified away, there is no power in the labouring classes to bring it back. If the capitalist were to close his pocket, and refuse to put his money into industrial enterprise, the people would be helpless as far as he is concerned, although it has always been his part to commence industrial enterprises in which the remuneration has depended entirely upon results.

In Berlin, one day last week, the King of Spain received in audience several of the German scientists who have been making a study of the best conditions for the establishment of sanatoria in the Canary Islands. The project is one that must be of interest to Englishmen, in consequence of a growing tendency on the part of the Briton to quit his treacherous climate during the winter months and sojourn under a more genial sun. Another tendency that is on the increase is for the Briton to distrust the climate of the Riviera or of any other spot on the European continent. Even Algiers he is beginning to regard as too damp for health and pleasure. Egypt, Madeira, and the Canary Islands remain of the places within reasonably easy access. The islands are to be reached by the excellent steamers of the Union Castle and Elder Dempster lines. The most perfect, the driest, and the most equable climate of all is to be found at Las Palmas, in the Grand Canary, though Las Palmas has less beauty and attractions than either Orotava in Teneriffe or Madeira. Madeira, of course, as belonging to Portugal, does not come into the scheme discussed before the King of Spain by the German men of science.

After the publication of Charles Darwin's book, "The Descent of Man," reference to the "Missing Link" became for many years a standing joke in the newspapers; but in all serious earnest there seems a prospect now of discovering it. Two years ago certain marks were found on a block of sandstone near Warrnambool, which were thought to be the imprints of the footsteps of a prehistoric man. At the time this idea was ridiculed; but a plaster cast was sent to Germany, and the inevitable German *savant* went out to investigate the matter. He now reports that, in his opinion, they were genuine human imprints, and this, taken in conjunction with the extraordinary human skulls to be seen in the Warrnambool Museum, is supposed to show that a link between humanity and the ape has been discovered. The idea of the German doctor was that at an early period the sandstone where the imprints were found had been a great level beach on which, perhaps, prehistoric men were accustomed to camp. The idea sends the imagination off forming some very strange pictures of what life must have been like in that far-distant morning of the world.

It is quite possible that the General Election, which now seems to have come within measurable distance, will be one of the most amusing on record. We hasten to say that by this remark we do not wish to cast ridicule upon the various parties, their catchwords, or even their nicknames; but certain ingenious manipulators of scientific apparatus are making preparations for it. They propose, for instance, to conduct the great Fiscal controversy by the aid of the cinematograph. We can very well imagine firms offering slides to the opposing parties, one series showing Mr. Chamberlain and Protection triumphant, another in which the victory rests with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Free Trade. But the idea might be still more extended. There is always a dearth of good speakers at a General Election, and if, say, Mr. Balfour on the one side, and Mr. John Morley and Sir Edward Grey on the other, were to deliver speeches that could be reproduced by means of the gramophone, the discussion of the question would be greatly simplified.

The sudden occurrence of a period of frosty weather has given rise to the usual prophecies in regard to the character of the coming winter, most of them inclining to the view that it will be a hard one. But experience has shown that published prophecies are not of much account, though, on the other hand, there are certain natural phenomena which often prelude the coming of a hard winter. For example, it was observed that the migratory birds of the North came southwards sooner than usual this year—a sign there can be no mistaking, since the reason for their departure can only lie in early and excessive cold weather in their summer haunts. The kindly old proverb, "God takes care of the birds," has led many people to draw an inference from the vast quantity of hips and haws and other wild berries produced this year. Nor does this latter fact lack a rational explanation either, since there is no doubt that the plants which bear these fruits gather strength during the long season of open and mild winter, and when the occasional hard one comes, they are generally in a condition to show more than the average weight of fruit. Nevertheless, the weather depends so much upon intricate and little-understood causes, that no forecast for any long period of time is to be relied on. The Meteorological Office think that they have done well when they can predict the weather twenty-four hours in advance.

NOVEMBER.

The shuddering wind goes charging down the street;
Against my window pelts the pitiless rain;
My dying fire gives forth but little heat,
And aching sadness fills my tired brain
And all my soul with pain.

Never did London seem so bleak and gray,
Nor yet so heartless, nor so cold, before.
I long from hence, oh God! to flee away,
To the lone wildness of an angry shore,
And hear the breakers roar.

I long to climb some perilous cliff to-night,
And feel the sharp rain strike my tingling face,
And watch the savage sea's superb delight,
And stand engirdled by the winds' embrace
That clasps and leaves no trace.

There could I sing my soul's most secret songs,
There tell the wild winds all my hopes and fears,
And those high things for which my spirit longs;
And pour, with bitterness of unshed tears,
My woes into night's ears.

DOUGLAS FRANCIS.

Next month, at the Agricultural Hall, there is to be held an exhibition of Colonial fruit which ought to be of great interest to others than gardeners. The public has scarcely yet realised that the cold-storage system has rendered it almost as easy to get fruit in London from South Africa or the West Indies as to procure supplies from France. No doubt the importation of Colonial fruit has made considerable strides in recent years, but that is no reason why further encouragement should not be extended to it. The quality of the fruit, as can be attested by all who have tried it, is excellent in the extreme, and it can be placed on the London market in the very best condition. These facts have been known for some time to those who take special interest in the matter, but it may be hoped that the holding of this exhibition will draw the attention of the whole body of consumers to this new supply of fruit.

Trade is full of various very curious back-waters, and one or two of them are responsible at the present moment for a scarcity of tweed for the manufacture of clothes. This seems to be due to more than one reason. Among others it is stated that the manufacturers who held the contract for making uniforms for the

Japanese soldiers have lately despatched vast quantities of tweeds out of the country. The second reason is that women have to a large extent discarded the French and other foreign clothes with which they used to clothe themselves, and have taken to tweed instead. We are told by one of the trade newspapers that a woman's dress takes more than double as much cloth as a man's, and hence the feminine portion of the community is to a large extent responsible for the present dearth. We imagine, however, that the difficulty is not a very serious one. There is plenty of wool, either in the country, or ready to be imported, and no lack either of the machinery or of the men to make it into cloth. The greater the dearth, therefore, the better the prospect for trade.

Arbor Day was celebrated at Eynsford last Saturday with the usual rites and ceremonies, and promises in time to become a well-established usage in this old-fashioned English village. The idea of getting children to plant trees is beautiful as well as useful, and it may be hoped that in the process of time the practice will extend to other places, where tree-planting is just as much needed as at Eynsford. We are not sure, however, that much is to be said for the formation of a moral sentiment or a couplet of poetry from the initial letters of the trees. In any memorial, he who runs should be able to read the meaning, and it would take some little time for the stranger to gather the idea that the anagram formed by the first letters of a group of trees made the beginning of Rabbi Ben Ezra—"Grow old along with me." It is not sufficiently direct and simple; otherwise we have nothing but commendation for this scheme which Mr. Till has brought into operation with so much admirable tenacity of purpose. Would that every village had a leader equally alive to the finest interests of its inhabitants!

News has been received at Queenstown that no less than eleven whalers have been immured in the ice in the Arctic Sea. It is about the time when they were expected to be making their way South, and their cargo was looked for at San Francisco shortly. Now they will not, in all probability, be seen until the middle of next summer, and in the meantime the problem of life may become a pressing one with the four hundred or so souls whom the ice has engaged. Assistance for them is being asked of the American Government. But while our pity must of necessity go forth to them in their wintry prison, it is by no means sure that we have not to take their fate as a warning of the winter weather which is likely to come to our own temperate zone. The belief is a very general one that an early formation of ice in the Southern Arctic seas is a sign—possibly in some degree a cause—of a winter of more than common severity further South. It is quite certain that the ice-field in which these whaling ships are blocked is unusually early in its formation, so that, if this indication is to be trusted, we have a hard time to look forward to in the coming months. The singular and beautiful appearance of the Aurora Borealis in our Southern Counties may point in the same direction.

Spain seems to be awaking, rather tardily, to the fact that she possesses a national asset of great value in the many beautiful places and interesting cities on her native peninsula. There is no land that offers more attraction to the tourist, and there is hardly any land in Europe where the tourist finds all his needs, except the purely æsthetic, so absolutely disregarded. There are good hotels at Madrid, Barcelona, and Seville, and when that is said almost all is said. As a rule, the hotels are much as they must have been in the days when Borrow was distributing his Bibles. The "fast" trains in Spain, with the single exception of the "Sud Express"—from Irun to Madrid—are very slow trains; even that important service between Madrid and Barcelona is conducted in the leisurely manner of the country. But the authorities are beginning to recognise that tourists bring money, and that their land is attractive to tourists; so we may hope for better things. A great saving in the cost of travel is effected by buying the "kilométric" tickets—that is to say, tickets good for a certain distance of travel; but they have to be date-stamped at each starting-place. Of course Seville, Granada, and other Moorish cities of the South are the most visited by the British tourist, after Madrid, whither Velasquez himself is worth going for; but there are many interesting towns further North, such as Toledo, for instance, the old capital, and even Segovia, north of Madrid itself, where is the aqueduct which the Romans began in the time of Trajan, which the Moors continued, and which bears marks of the work of both.

A very timely warning is supplied by the result of the testing of certain walking-stick guns which a well-known firm exposed for sale contrary to the provisions of the Gun Barrel Proof Act of 1868. The Act provides that all guns offered for sale shall have been subjected to certain tests to prove the resisting power of the barrels. In the case of fifty-four guns offered for sale the tests had not been complied with, and in consequence of their not bearing the proof mark an action was brought against the

vendors by the Gunmakers' Company. The magistrate adjourned the case in the first instance to permit of the testing of the guns, and in the result four of the fifty-four blew to pieces. Of course, it does not follow, from their succumbing to this test—which we may assume to be the maximum to which it was supposed that they would be subjected in ordinary use—that they would have burst on the explosion of an ordinary cartridge; but at least it proves that we should do well, if we are contemplating the purchase of a walking-stick gun, or any other gun, to see that its barrel has the proof mark, which may be accepted as an adequate guarantee that it is a safe weapon.

The Hon. Edward Lyttelton, head-master at Eton, made a very suggestive speech at the Authors' Club, the other night, in reference to the reading of our boys. The fundamental fact which gives interest to his opinion is that taste in reading has been at a low ebb for some time, and perhaps the reason for it may be found in the head-master's remarks. He relates that when he was at Haileybury, ten years ago, he found, on enquiry, that most of the boys in the upper forms were perfectly familiar with the best of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and other acknowledged masters of their styles of writing; but he notes that a great change has occurred, and reading has become much more difficult. The boys' time is taken up more, their days are otherwise more occupied, and they have not leisure to read the contents of a bookshelf filled with really fine works. They glance at, rather than read, the effeminate literature, and in this way form a taste that clings to them in later life. Such is a great schoolmaster's diagnosis of the disease, but it would require more ingenuity than even he owns to devise an adequate remedy.

THE WEED-BURNERS.

The fields lie gray and chill beneath a sky
Heavy with lowering clouds. Joyless I stand
Whilst, here and there, from scattered mounds which lie,
Banners of smoke trail out across the land
As winds go by.

Within the gloom move, ague-spent and lame,
Two frail old men, attendant on the fires,
Who mend, with ready wands, the damp mounds' frame
Till, from the heart of every pile, suspires
A spurt of flame.

"Thus passes all the glory," do we say,
And mourn dead summer? Nay, for even now,
Upon the upland, scarce a mile away,
A stalwart worker strides beside a plough,
Clear 'gainst the gray.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.

An influential deputation of gentlemen connected with the creameries, etc., of Ireland waited on Sir Horace Plunkett, Vice-President of the Board of Agriculture and Technical Education of Ireland, last week, to urge on him the necessity of having an inspector appointed in England to look after the interests of Irish produce sold there. The Irish butter-makers complain that produce sent from Ireland does not get anything like fair play, and that inferior stuff is very often foisted on the English people as Irish. Sir Horace, who does everything possible to help the agricultural industries of Ireland, promised that the matter should have his best attention.

Neither Nature's scourges—drought and famine—nor the ingenuity of man, aided by poison and other engines of destruction, have succeeded in ridding Australia of its plague of rabbits. But at last a deliverer has come in the person of one of the sufferers—a sheep-farmer. And he proposes to rid the land of its invaders by making them their own executioners. Mr. Rodie, the author of this novel scheme, is no dreamer of dreams, for he has applied his methods to his own estate, and now, after nearly sixteen years of experience, has succeeded in routing his enemies. Briefly, he has been catching his tormentors alive and uninjured, in traps of his own devising; such of his captives as were males were deprived of half an ear and liberated at once, while the females were summarily executed. By this means the males at last preponderated, with dire results to the rabbits, for the normal polygamy became converted into polyandry. The outcome of these changed relations is that the amorous attentions of the excess of males results in a reduction of fertility on the part of the females. To this is added an enormous infant mortality, owing to the fact that these demoralised fathers slay and eat their own offspring. So complete has been the victory gained by Mr. Rodie that he is anxious to see his method universally adopted in Australia.

The Midland Reafforesting Association is an institution which has a very special claim on the sympathy of all who love the beauties of the country and deplore their destruction in the all-powerful name of utility. The object of the association is, as

is well known, the plantation of areas in the Black Country which have been rendered waste and hideous by the refuse output of the coal-pits. That, in very general terms, may be accepted as its initial idea. The feasibility of the scheme has already reached the stage of proof, for certain areas, very small indeed in comparison with the extent with which it is proposed to deal, have already been planted successfully at Wednesbury and other places, and these may serve as object-lessons for the treatment of pit-mounds elsewhere. The association, having progressed thus far, is now making an appeal for funds to enable it to carry on the work, by the establishment of branch associations, elsewhere, and the extent of the ground which it contemplates dealing with may be seen on a plan sent out with the circular asking aid. The area thereon shown as waste, as a consequence of the black industry, is nearly 30,000 acres, of which it is estimated that 14,000 are ready for planting. Naturally some eventual return is expected from the plantation,

although it is very doubtful if it will ever return an interest on the outlay. But all who desire information on these and the like points of the association's work and prospects should write to Mr. P. E. Martineau, Bentley Heath, Knowle, Warwickshire, who will also receive donations and subscriptions. Sir Oliver Lodge is president of the association.

Some time ago the British Ornithologists' Club raised a fund for the protection of the kite in Wales, appointing paid watchers to guard their nests and young from unscrupulous collectors of eggs and nestlings of rare British birds. As a result of the care of these watchers and the unsparing zeal of Earl Cawdor and Dr. Salter, two pairs of kites this year reared and brought off broods of two young each, for the first time, it is believed, for ten years. We are glad to know that this good work is to be continued.

IN LONESOME IRELAND.

BY JANE BARLOW.

"T'S a queer thing," said the old man in our railway carriage, "when the land does be as lonesome in itself as the sea." He called queer "quare," and sea "say," which helped to prove his nationality; and a glance from the window would have shown that he had not

bid his native land good-night, for twilight was lingering over an unmistakably Irish bog—a Donegal one. But his observation probably referred to kinsfolk, friends, and neighbours, whom he had all his life been seeing set off to the States. Now and again, too, it may have fallen to him to witness the return of somebody, with a little money earned and saved, enough, perhaps, to acquire the ever-longed-for "bit of land." Such events, however, would be rare in his experience. Comparatively few are the emigrants who reappear at all; fewer still who settle down again; to most of them it happens that their places know them no more.

Hardly attractive to a stranger's eye are some of those places, relinquished so ruefully, and so eagerly resumed. There is off the coast of Connaught an islet-crag with some earth in the cracks between its shattered flagstones, whereon I saw last summer a new house just built by a native, who had returned thither for good, after nineteen years spent among the fertile fields of California. And among our fellow-travellers to this same foam-and-mist-girdled rock there was, wisped up in a tattered plaid shawl, with a battered black bonnet crowning a shock of white hair, a little old daft Irishwoman on crutches, who, having journeyed all the way home from South Carolina, had now turned her face on a short voyage westward once more, just to visit a holy well she had heard tell of over at Killeany.

Wishes being thus often unfulfilled, the gaps left by emigrants widen from year to year. Up in the north-western counties the convoy—that is to say, a party assembled to see off and set on their way embarking friends—has become a recognised social institution, one which, of course, has not on the whole an enlivening effect. Emigration, it is true, cannot be justly blamed as the sole cause of the loneliness which so often pervades country life in Ireland. In this large, poor county of Donegal, for example, the very nature of the soil

not uncommonly makes loneliness a necessary condition of existence thereupon. Stony, boggy, moorish, mountainous districts, which become what is technically termed "congested," namely, overcrowded, should the population exceed some very



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE CONVENIENT WATHER.

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small fraction per acre, must clearly in all circumstances be lonely, too. Then, again, in the great rich grazing grounds of the Midland Counties an artificial solitude has been wrought by causes which are beside the purpose here, where the loneliness under consideration is rather of the sort inseparable from places on the verge of "the barren wild and desert waste forlorn."

Many such regions there are up in the County Donegal. Small green oases set in the heart of wide black bog lands may be seen from afar, flecked with two or three lime-white cabins. Shorewards, long, ill-defined stretches, disputed by weeds of sea and land, merge gradually into unmitigated shingle-banks and sand-hills. In marshy pastures the brown topknots of rushes outnumber the struggling grass blades, so that the little farmer's cow has to walk further and faster than suits her leisurely habits in quest of her daily fare. On mountainy land, fit only for sheep-walks, there are hillsides where the grey hoofs patter as often over bare rock as tussocky sward, and others where they tread intricate mazes unseen through thickets of tall heather, furze, and bracken. Sometimes their wanderings are checked abruptly by a sheerly descending sea-cliff; and in some villages

along the coast men earn a livelihood by being let down with a rope from above to the rescue of animals caught, when falling, and imprisoned on inaccessible ledges. It must have been from among somewhat similar surroundings that a tenant in the South of Ireland wrote a letter of complaint to his landlord. In his holding, he said, his cattle and children were continually falling over the cliffs on him and destroying themselves.

It is evident that all this involves a thinly-sprinkled population, with corre-

sponding difficulties in the way of social intercourse. Very magnificent distances do, in fact, often interpose between one humble homestead and its nearest neighbour, sundering the lives of their inmates with "a separable spite," and the scattered hamlets likewise are of the smallest size. Still, the effect is perhaps not quite so isolating as might be imagined. Neighbours are neighbours indeed when they can be counted on your fingers, even if you take in an ample sweep of the countryside. People in a handful of little houses huddled under a hill for shelter from Atlantic-born storm-blasts cannot afford to pick and choose associates; they must make the most of what companionship comes in their way, and, generally speaking, they



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MILKING TIME.

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WASHING DAY.

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seem disposed to do so with right good will. Browning's sentiment,

"Whom summer made friends
Let winter estrange,"

might in a certain sense be reversed here, for the long, warm days bring with them a more active and more out-of-door life, whose varied occupations enable the neighbours to count somewhat less upon one another's company. It is the many-houred wintry evening that goes so drearily in solitude. If to the question, "Who's here besides rough weather?" the reply has to be, "Sure, nobody only ould Widdy Loughlin," or "Just Mick and Biddy Doyle and the couple of childer," it probably betokens that time there is passing heavily. But very often the several households of a hamlet will be found after dark assembled round one hearth-fire, seeking safety in numbers from the tedium of the early-closing night. The joint stock of news and notions thus contributed makes the talk spirited and cheerful, and perhaps some travelling musician's fiddle may spin the slender thread of a tune—the slenderest suffices—that sets the young folk dancing.

This, of course, assumes that it is not a place whose lonesomeness has been rendered inveterate by the departure of all the lads and lasses. Many of the wildest, *i.e.*, the south-western, parts of Donegal are so deserted during a large portion of the year, for nearly all the able-bodied people act as migratory labourers. The men go off to Scotland as soon as their own small crops are sown and "kibbed," nor do they return at the soonest till the very end of harvest. The girls and youths, even mere children, hire themselves for the summer months to farmers in East Donegal, Londonderry, and Tyrone; and this is known as "going to the Lagan," although the real Lagan is only a small district on the shore of Lough Swilly. "Rabbles," as the hiring fairs are called, sometimes deserve their unattractive name, and though the young people look upon them as an amusement, the elders generally regard them with disapproval. They are, indeed, an institution which one would gladly see discontinued could any better way of employing the surplus labour be provided. A little plot of two, or three acres, half planted with potatoes, and the rest divided between oats and meadow, does not, evidently, give occupation for a "long" family, who can by no means afford to eat the bread—but bread is a euphemism—of idleness, and who sorely need the few pounds of wages earned away from home. Near the coast, especially, holdings of this diminutive size are very common, and unless the tenant can eke out his resources by the catching of fish or the burning of kelp his case is poor indeed; for he is debarred by his situation from grazing any cattle on the mountainous *Hinterland*, and instead of cutting his turf freely and easily on the excellent bogs of the interior, he has to carry it in creels on his own or donkey's back for many a long Irish mile. Sometimes, however, one of these borderers will



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

TWO WAYFARERS.

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C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. THE OLD FOLKS GETTING IN THE HARVEST.

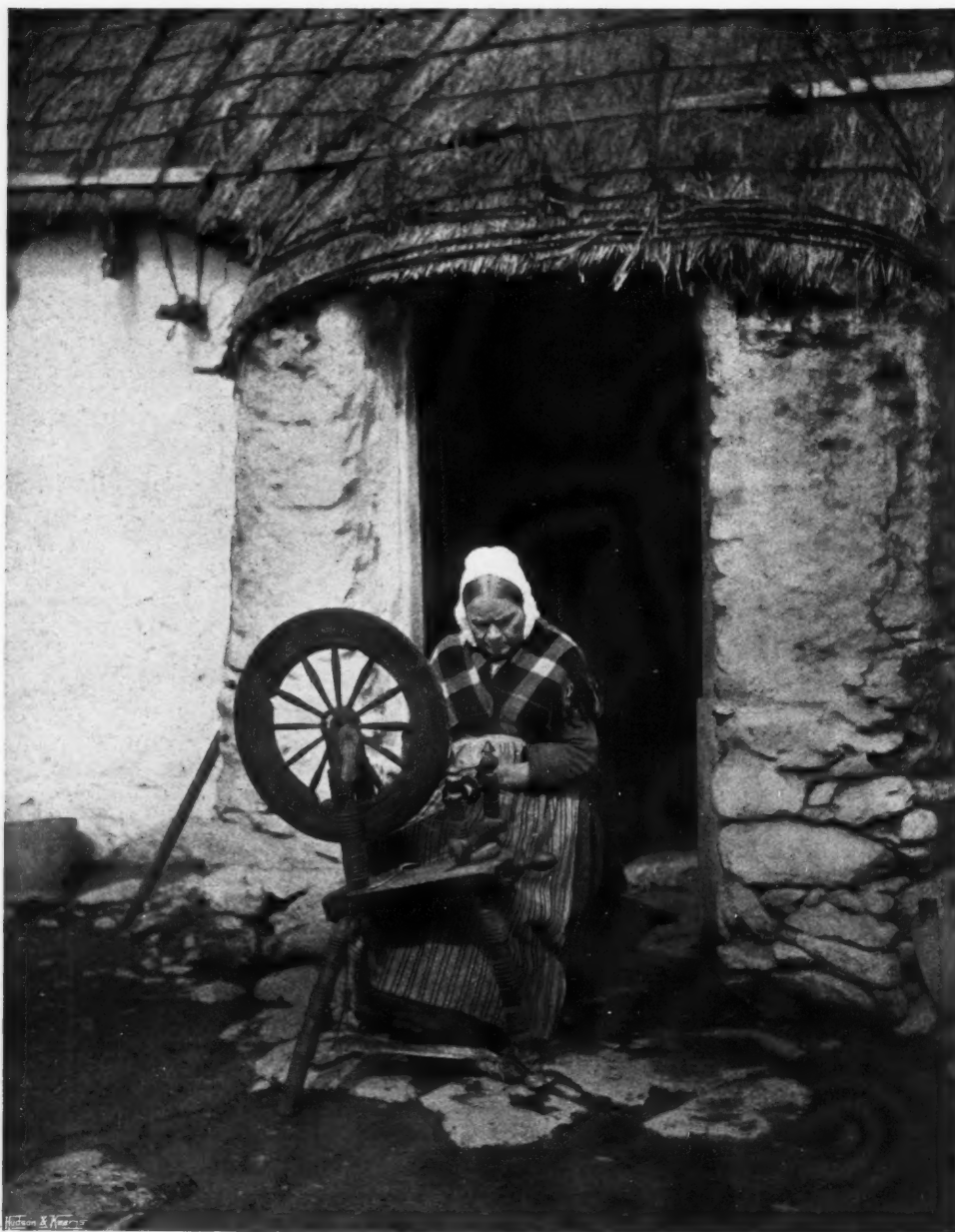
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EKING OUT A LIVING.

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"GRANNIE."

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contrive to obtain possession of a "cut" of mountainy land, either for pasture or tillage, and, having built a house upon it, spend part of the year there and part at his marine residence as the seasons' tasks require, an arrangement which must lend some variety to a life else vastly monotonous and dull. The same thing is done on the Isle of Achill.

Dulness—that may well be what scares away the country's youth more than poverty itself, or, one should rather say, more than any other consequences of poverty. For it is noticeable among these Donegal folk that if they have anything to do they set about it, as a rule, with much cheerfulness, and no lack of energy. Ergophobia has not yet become an epidemic. Their apprenticeship to farmwork begins very early in life, and at the spring of the year. The small, black-faced sheep are so terribly agile that they scale the loftiest practicable walls with defiant ease, and are, consequently, allowed perforce to range at will through the autumn and winter. But just before the potato-sowing in March or April they are driven off to the moors and mountains, where they are kept within bounds by a living fence of watchful children and well-trained mongrel dogs. Behind this barrier the elders tend and duly gather in the protected crops, which are perpetually threatened with a premature harvesting, should the perverse flocks make good their endeavour to browse on forbidden ground. Frequently, indeed, the green things in frontier fields do suffer from their depredations.

More profitable employment is, of course, yielded by their fleeces. Spinning is commonly practised by Donegal women, and weaving has begun to be an important industry. It is in this direction that we must look for means of enabling the inhabitants to maintain themselves at home. Circumstances seem here to insist upon skilled labour, and not simply fieldwork. This latter, on such scanty portions of a soil so thankless, and in a climate so inclement, can hardly suffice, even though some unusual items are added to the small farmer's ordinary business. Along the shore, for instance, the making of kelp is mainly a summer occupation, and an extremely laborious one, from the rapid raking in of the leathery *leagh*, lest the rising tide should resume its gift, to the slow burning of the weed into charcoal-like lumps. It is a precarious pursuit, too, as the product, at times worth £5 or £6 a ton, at others may fail to find any market whatever. Again, the cutting and carrying of turf, albeit a highly-important matter, does after all but supply the local demand for fuel, and leads to no further profit.

Then the winter's dark days return over-hastily, and through many lingering months out-of-door work is almost at a standstill. The wild weather permits no more opportunities, either, for enjoyment of those impromptu open-air meetings and pleasant loiterings, where work is seasoned with gossip, and sunshine, and

freedom from the restraints of four walls, a condition ever congenial to the Irish, whose tastes and habits suggest an originally Southern people, strayed into residence beneath colder and cloudier skies. The bleak, rain-laden winds ruffling by disperse the little groups clustered about the smithy door, that old ancient lounge, or round the washing-tub; and the spinning-wheel must be moved back into the gloomy house-room. And all this diminishes the gaiety of the sombre country-side.

So when it comes to pass that he who suffers the stormy time finds serious difficulty in answering the question, "How shall he live till the lusty prime?" we cannot wonder if he solves the problem by a voyage over the neighbouring ocean, thereby leaving his bit of lonesome Ireland lonelier yet.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

NATURE IN LATE NOVEMBER.

HOWEVER true it may be, it is not in the least satisfying to be told, as we constantly are told by uncomfortably scientific people, that these late November days are really no more the end of the year than any other time.

Nature is at work unceasingly; the wheel goes round and round, and there is neither beginning nor end. As many things in Nature are starting existence now as are nearing its close. Most young birds, by a greater or less migration, are just beginning to learn life for themselves; many species are now pairing for next year's housekeeping; of the members of the insect world a large proportion are now at the very beginning, in the egg; many more are half-grown hobbledhoys of larvae; others are pupæ, dormant underground or in divers hiding-places; on the trees new buds are already thinking of forming—if not actually at work—where old leaves fell, and under the surface of the earth all sorts of burgeonings and sproutings are going on. All of which is undoubtedly true—and unconvincing. It does not touch the fact that, as far as our senses give us guide, this is the season when things come to an end with the disappearance of winged insects and the dropping of the leaves.

THE TREACHEROUS LARCH.

To me, and I think to many people, it is the shedding of its foliage by the larch that furnishes the last and most unwelcome proof that winter is at hand. The larch looks so like an evergreen that when its green turns to yellow, and then when, by the change of a single night, the tree which yesterday blazed like a golden candelabrum in the sunlight stands to-day bare, with nothing but a tawny carpet about its feet to tell where its splendours have vanished, it seems like a personal treachery. When even it surrenders, then, it seems, are we indeed undone. Neither the surpassing beauty of the green—surely almost the loveliest green in Nature!—which it will put on next spring, nor the rose crimson of its next year's buds, is any consolation to us now. A larch spinney is about the nakedest thing that winter has to show; and we can so ill spare any greenery when the last blackberry leaves have gone purple and bronze, and in the hedgerows only the privet and the elder—neither common enough to count for much—and the nettles seem to be alive. The lime leaves and the chestnut have been swept up so long that we have forgotten all about them; the walnut and apple and plum—they did their duty, gave us their fruit, and no more is expected of them; the oak and the beech—they are shade trees of which we only ask that they shall be green in the heat of summer; but the larch, with all its beauty, is a fraud. It has somehow managed to enjoy for centuries the reputation of being unburnable—the myth existed in Cæsar's time and still exists to-day. But we would not object to its failing to stand fire so much, if only it stood the cold better; and it ought to remain green anyhow, if only to furnish us with ideal Christmas trees.

MOUNTAIN FRIENDS.

But the bareness of the hedges has its compensations, for this morning I spent a large part of an hour watching a weasel foraging where a couple of months ago he would have been invisible. If only they were not such bloodthirsty little wretches, weasels ought to make the most fascinating of pets, for they are incomparably alert, and no kitten, no lambkin, no mad March hare is so graceful, so light-hearted, so unexpected in its gambolling. Some years ago I was living in a cabin in the Rocky Mountains, and two martens came and made their home with me. The first intimation that I had of their intention to become my boarders was when, sitting alone one afternoon, I became aware that some animal was climbing up my leg. It arrived at the knee, and sat down and made its toilet while I scratched its head. Then it

climbed up one arm to the shoulder, prospected the back of my neck—rather a trying operation—and so down by the other shoulder and arm to the ground again. It went out, as presumably it had come in, by a hole made by the wood-rats between the bottom log of the walls and the floor. Apparently it decided that the premises were satisfactory, for that evening it turned up again with a companion—presumably a mate, though I never could see the smallest difference in size or colouring between them, and never learned to tell the one from the other. They had in all likelihood never seen man or a cabin before (until a few months previous no man or cabin had ever been within fifty miles of the spot), and had no sort of fear of me; while I was glad enough of their presence, because while they stayed the wood-rats—probably the greediest and most omnivorous of all small animals—kept away.



C. Reid.

LONESOME IRELAND: MINDING THE GEESE.

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THE WEASEL AT LARGE.

And they were charming company. When they chased each other round the cabin—swifter, lighter, and more lithe than any squirrels—the room seemed full of martens. When they climbed up on one's knee or shoulder to rest, they were the comfortabest, snuggliest of people; and when they sat on the table at mealtimes, as they always did, they assumed, after a sufficient rapping of their noses to keep them out of plates and dishes, the manners and deportment of bishops. They stayed with me for some two months, and then disappeared as suddenly as they came. If once their old blood-feud with man could somehow be forgotten, weasels ought to make no less charming pets. Anyone who has watched young stoats or weasels playing—little strips of tawny living india-rubber—knows that he witnessed one of the most exquisitely comic sights to be seen in Nature; and this animal to-day, albeit a solitary, staid, and full-grown weasel, was full of the most delightful antics. Presumably he was hunting, but it was the most

light-hearted and frivolous of hunts. For every foot of ground that he covered in a straight line he spent 30sec. sitting up like a tent-peg, chin in air, craning his neck from this side to that, so that I might admire his nice white waistcoat. And the jumping! Any excuse was good enough for a leap 8in. or 9in. clear into the air, with his feet altogether and his back arched like a bucking horse. Once or twice when there really was a large wet tussock in his way, I am afraid to guess what an incredible distance he jumped; and after each saltation he was so proud that he must needs waltz and pirouette and set to partners all by himself. I do not know whether weasels ever hunt over the same ground two days running, but I intend to walk a couple of miles out and another couple back to-morrow on the chance of meeting him again.

THE BIRDS OF WINTER.

So the bareness of the land gives us opportunities of seeing things that we might not see in summer, and, as a matter of fact, there are, so far as mere numbers go, probably more birds about now than at any other time of the year. We are not near enough to the sea to get the shore-birds here, but when one thinks of all the feathered things he sees in any country walk—the wheeling flights of peewits (there were nearly 150 in one flock to-day)—the sparrows that come with a whirr from the stubble and when they sit upon the hedge make it almost as solid as in its midsummer leafage—the redwings, fieldfares, larks, yellow-hammers, blackbirds, thrushes, tits, robins, hedge-sparrows, and linnets, all these, besides the accidental larger fowl, the wood-pigeons, a kestrel and sparrow-hawk or two, jackdaws, the partridges and pheasants, so conspicuous now on the bare fields, surely, omitting any rarities that one may chance upon, the autumn immigration

brought us more visitors than we lost by the departure of our summer friends; and certainly we can, if we will, see more of them.

AND OF SPRING.

But, when all is said and done, we are not praising winter as a time for Nature-study—only making excuses for it. The entomologist can be just as busy—and as fruitfully busy—now as in spring or summer-time; but he has to be busy in ways that make him very cold in the feet and fingers and very stiff in the back, and, as likely as not, send him home with a cold in his head. When birds become gregarious, moreover, they forfeit the charm of their individual characters. There is more “nature” in one chaffinch in the breeding season than in half a thousand of the same birds flying in headlong panic from the brown earth to the hedge and back from the hedge to the earth again. One rook idle in a rookery is better to watch than a thousand hard at work grubbing among the furrows in November. Look at the nests—the “ruined choirs”—which thrust themselves at you now, as conspicuous as windmills from every bush and tree: would you take a cart-load of these sodden tenements for the one chaffinch's snugger in the apple tree, when you first found it last spring with the eggs inside? Are all these blackbirds and thrushes, missel-thrushes, fieldfares and redwings, worth any one of the young thrushes that sat—fluffy troglodytes—insulting your croquet lawn with their presence last May? And so it is with all Nature. There may be as much of it, but—it is different. It is, like the weather, harder and, for the very reason, perhaps, that we see it better, more business-like and commonplace. Whatever scientific folk may say, they will never deceive the multitude in believing that mid-winter is not the fag-end of the year; that, in fact, a year does not end as the old year goes out. H. P. R.

TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IT could hardly be maintained by the most devoted son of Trinity that its buildings rank among the most beautiful in Oxford; and yet there are many points of special interest in the older part of them, while the new part, added twenty years ago from the design of Mr. Jackson, is only inferior in charm to the new buildings of Magdalen (with which college, in this as in other respects, none can compare for beauty).

The remnants of the old Durham College which were purchased by Sir Thomas Pope for the foundation of his new college in 1555 were rudely described as mere “dog kennels,” but they have—so far as they survive—a picturesqueness of their

own; and the new garden quad to the north of them deserves notice as the first building in the Italian style erected in Oxford (1665). It was to have been on a magnificent scale had Wren's design for it been carried out, but Oxford prejudice insisted on its being turned into a quadrangle; the architect therefore gave way, quaintly remarking, “If anyone, as you say, will pay for a quadrangle, there is no dispute to be made; let them have a quadrangle, though a lame one, somewhat like a three-legged table.” So the subscribers had their way, and the uniformity of arrangement, which is so special a feature of Oxford buildings as contrasted with Cambridge, was carefully maintained. It may





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THE CHAPEL: SCROLL-WORK BY GRINLING GIBBONS.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

be added that the buildings which Wren did erect have been so modernised that it is unfair to judge that great architect by them. Perhaps he had a share also, at any rate by suggestion, in the design of Trinity Chapel, which was completed in the next generation (1694). The main outlines, however, of the building are attributed to the versatile Dean Aldrich of Christ Church, familiar in Oxford stories alike as a logician, an architect, a divine, a musician, and a confirmed smoker. Whatever may be thought of the building outside, its interior is the most beautiful Italian chapel in Oxford, and the carving of Grinling Gibbons is deservedly famous. Whether it gains by being made of fragrant cedar is a disputed question; the irreverent modern sometimes calls it "stuffy," while, on the other hand, a Trinity poet has celebrated it in sonorous hexameters, of which the line

"Halat opus Lebanique refert fragrantis odorem"

may serve as a specimen. The chapel, at all events, has excellent modern glass, and a unique monument in its founder's tomb—the only "pious memorial" of the kind in Oxford. The Elizabethan alabaster (erected in 1567 by Sir T. Pope's widow) has a quaint effect, boxed up in its cedar-panelled alcove with sash windows; but a college is fortunate which has preserved the contemporary monument of its founder.

If the buildings of Trinity are more interesting than beautiful, at least they have a setting which is one of the most charming in Oxford. Lying, as it did, outside the city wall, the college stood in its own ample grounds. It was concealed from the street by "old halls," now incorporated in the college; or rather, it should be said, it opened on no street in particular, for it was only in the seventeenth century that Archbishop Laud's reforming zeal pulled down the old buildings along the line of the city ditch and opened the present Broad Street. It was not till the next century (1737) that the piety of one of the Guildford family (ever loyal sons of Trinity) presented the fine ironwork gates so familiar to every visitor in Oxford; and on the east side the famous Trinity Lime-walk remains as a specimen of the formal gardens which our ancestors in the eighteenth century loved so fondly. The yews flattened against the walls and cut to resemble panelling have gone; as Southey feared, "they did not suit the modern taste in gardening"; but the Lime-walk has survived for nearly 200 years, and even the most ardent Wordsworthian must hesitate to deny that Art has here for once, at any rate, improved on Nature.

The story of the college life that has been lived in these surroundings, and the list of the great men that have been trained among them, yield in interest to few, if any, of Oxford colleges. Trinity owes its foundation, like St. John's, to the zeal of a pious Englishman who sought to preserve in the storms of the Reformation as much of the old order of things as might be reconciled with the new. All Englishmen will join with Trinity men in honouring the good Catholic lawyer who, in the days of Mary, was not afraid to be courteous and loyal to the threatened Princess Elizabeth; and he had his reward in the success of his college, and as the founder, through his brother, of a great English family. The successive masters of Wroxton Abbey—"the most beautiful house in England," as Sir Robert Peel called it (it was built under James I. by the founder's nephew, the Earl of Downe)—have been always connected with Trinity, both as tenants of their noble manor, and as sending frequent members of their family to be educated at the college.

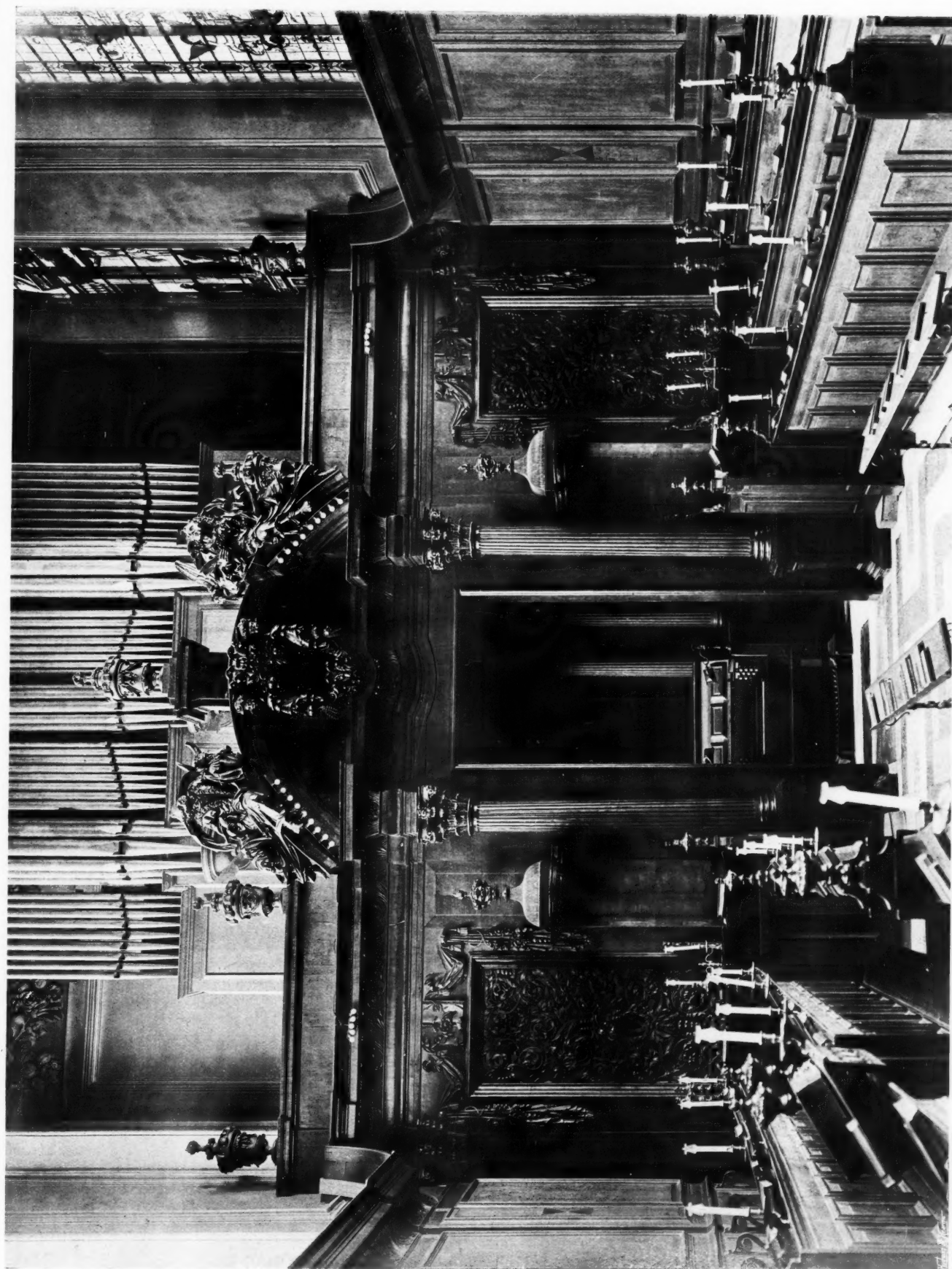
The best known of these was the famous Lord North, George III.'s devoted Minister, and afterwards his bitter enemy. His connection with Trinity is only part of that connection with the New World which ought to make the college a special place of pilgrimage from the new English world over the seas. If Lord North lost the United States to the Mother Country, it was another Trinity man, the pious Lord Dartmouth, who, as Secretary of State, by his conciliatory conduct, tried to allay the quarrel, and it was a third son of the college, the greatest of British statesmen, William Pitt, who had won America for England; his portrait hangs in the Hall side by side with that of the unlucky Prime Minister who half undid his work. And in the previous century the two Calverts, successively Lords Baltimore, were trained at Trinity for their share in occupying the New World for England. The first Calvert was Charles I.'s unpopular Minister, and was known in his own time as a "Hispaniolised Papist"; but Americans are not likely to forget that he was a prominent member of the Virginia Company, that he himself went to Newfoundland, where he spent more than £25,000 in building "a fair house, and in advancing the plantation thereof," and that he obtained and bequeathed to his son Cecil the great domain on the Chesapeake River, which under Charles I. became the colony of Maryland, the first home of religious toleration. The merits of the founders are none the less if their unworthy descendants, the hereditary lords of Maryland, abused their authority, as may be read in the highly-coloured pages of Winston Churchill's famous novel "Richard Carvel." For minor Trinity worthies who had a share in the foundation of the United States, reference may be made to

Mr. Blakiston's charming history of the college, from which many of the facts in this article have been taken.

So much for Trinity's share in opening up the New World. Among the generations that succeeded the second Calvert at Trinity were two of the men who were prominent in the battle for liberty in England, Henry Ireton and Edmund Ludlow; the former is credited by Antony Wood "with the character (at Oxford) of a stubborn and surly fellow towards the seniors," which seems not inappropriate for one who was to be Cromwell's son-in-law and his right-hand man. The struggle for English freedom, in which these men played their part, was brought to a victorious end by the Whigs at the end of the century, not the least famous among whom was another Trinity man, the great Whig Chancellor, John, first Earl Somers, one of the heroes of Macaulay's history. Turning to the more peaceful sides of England's life, few colleges have furnished the English Church with more bishops than Trinity. Two Archbishops of Canterbury are numbered among them—the present holder of the see, Dr. Randall Davidson, and Gilbert Sheldon, whose name will always be cherished, in Oxford at any rate, as that of one of our most munificent benefactors. The "Sheldonian" is a familiar word to hundreds who know the name neither of the prelate who gave it nor of the architect (Wren) who designed it. The president under whom several of those who have been mentioned were trained, Dr. Ralph Kettell (head of Trinity, 1599-1643), has a very prominent place in that gallery of quaint characters which play such a familiar part in University story. He was a good ruler, and the college greatly flourished under him; but in his own day he was the person on whom "innumerable bulls and blunders were fathered" (the seventeenth century was very like our own in this), and his odd ways live in the pages of his pupil, John Aubrey, greatest of Oxford story-tellers. An instance or two may be given. The old president shrewdly observed that the colleges which "had the smallest beer had most drunkards, for it forced them to go into the town to comfort their stomachs"; he therefore saw to it that Trinity had the best beer in Oxford, so "that we could not go to any other place but for the worse, and we had the fewest drunkards of any house." The old man had also a great objection to long hair and to periwigs, and he "would bring a pair of scissors in his muff which he commonly wore, and woe be to them that sat on the outside of the table." But the stories of the old president are endless, and he is only one of those round whom gather the tales in which Trinity history is particularly rich. Perhaps the best known of these is that of Walter Savage Landor, who came up in 1793. His career was but short, for he was sent down for firing at the windows of an undergraduate opposite, who (Landor said) had gathered a party of "servitors and other raffs of every description" to insult him. Landor, a "mad Jacobin," the first undergraduate who ventured to wear his hair without powder, was never a sweetly reasonable person; and, as he declined to explain or apologise, the authorities reluctantly parted with him. And so Trinity lost his further residence, just as University College, nearly twenty years later, found itself unable to keep Shelley. There is a curious resemblance in the college careers of Landor and another great Trinity man half a century later, Richard Burton, who also deliberately made Oxford too hot to hold him, and got himself sent down. He had begun his career by challenging another member of the college to fight a duel for laughing at him, and when the invitation was declined, "I went my way sadly, and felt as if I had fallen among *épiciers*." Burton and another Trinity man challenged the University in a "two oar" race, but, unfortunately, "both the challengers were rusticated before the race came off."

The greatest name, however, connected with the stories of Trinity is that of a non-Trinity man, Dr. Johnson. Although he himself belonged to Pembroke, and was loyal to his old college, he was constant in his visits to his friend Thomas Warton at Trinity. He loved the library there best to read in, though he added that "if a man has a mind to *prance*, he must study at Christ Church and All Souls." His words of encouragement to his friend in his literary labours might be applied to many an Oxford student: "Where hangs the new volume? Let not the past labour be lost for a little more, but snatch what time you can from the Hall, and the pupils, and the Coffee House, and the parks, and complete your design." It is fitting that Trinity, as well as Pembroke, should possess one of Reynolds's great portraits of Johnson.

So far, with the exception of the references to the Archbishop and to Richard Burton, nothing has been said of Trinity's history in the last century. It was one of the first colleges to throw its scholarships open to competition, and it had its reward. Among the earliest of those so elected was John Henry, afterwards Cardinal Newman. He migrated as fellow from Trinity to Oriel, but his old home had always a warm place in his heart, and he greatly prized the honour which the college did (to itself as well as) to him in making him an honorary fellow in 1878. His feeling to his college is well shown in his "Apologia": "Trinity had never been unkind to me; there used to be much



"COUNTRY LIFE."

ORGAN SCREEN IN CHAPEL.

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snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's room there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my university." The snapdragon still grows freely on the wall to the north-west of the college. Among the other leaders of the Oxford Movement, Isaac Williams also belonged to Trinity; he was a real poet, though a minor one, and is commemorated in a window of the chapel.

Many names of Trinity men, less well known than Newman's, mark the last century. The late Professor Freeman was never weary of dwelling on the band of scholars, of whom he was one, who all of them later attained distinction. It would be tedious to dwell on their names, but Trinity has been conspicuous among modern colleges for the pious care with which it has collected in its hall the portraits of its recent great men; perhaps special mention may be made of Bishop Stubbs, who succeeded Freeman in his fellowship at the college, and preceded him as Professor of History, and of the historian of the Holy Roman Empire, the politician and publicist, James Bryce.

The college has in the last half century changed its character, and from being one of the smaller has become one of the largest colleges in Oxford. But there is no need that this should be inconsistent with the preservation of the Trinity *ethos* , which its sons have fondly loved to trace in their contemporaries and in themselves, "a family of brothers, emulating and not envying one another, gladly learning from each other, without jealousy one of another, and possessing for a time a common family character." That this statement of the college ideal may still be realised is the best wish that can be expressed for Trinity and for every Oxford college.

DEVIL-FISH & KRAKEN.

FROM the very dawn of literature and art, the devil-fish and kraken, or octopus and cuttle-fish, to give them their modern names, have been a favourite theme for the romantic writer, poet, and artist. Small wonder, therefore, that with the passing centuries a vast collection of myths and "tall stories" have gathered round these mysterious and bizarre creatures. Of the ancients, Aristotle left a beautiful and fairly truthful description of the cuttlefish; and



F. Martin-Duncan.

OCTOPUS.

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from thence onward to the middle of the nineteenth century little was really known about the actual habits and characters of these creatures until Owen and Huxley examined, discovered, and described many new facts relating to them.

The beauty and the supposed nautical powers of the exquisite little argonaut, or paper nautilus, have formed the subject of many charming but inaccurate verses. James Montgomery, in his "Pelican Island," describes the rising from out the deep of an argonaut in the following pleasing lines:

"Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is fill'd;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light."

Byron, in full romantic vein, calls it

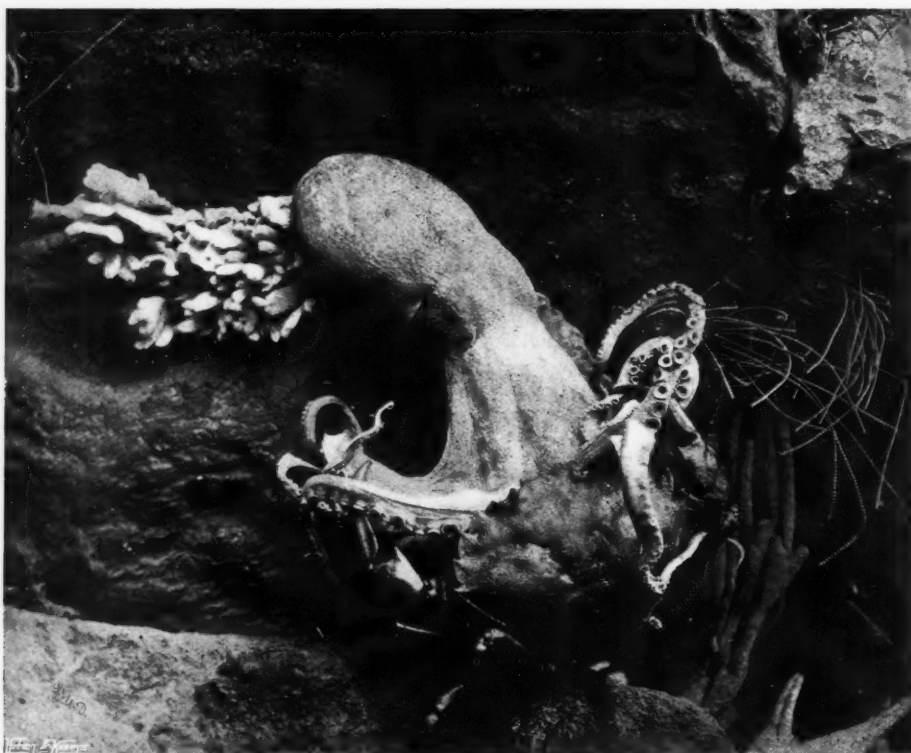
"The tender nautilus who steers his prow,
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free.
He, when the lightning-wing'd tornadoes sweep
The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—
And triumphs o'er the armadas of mankind,
Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind."

While Pope would have us

"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."

Sad to relate, the argonaut has never moved in the manner so eloquently described by these poets, but, like all other octopods, swims backwards by ejecting water from its funnel. The long, slender arms are never employed as oars, nor are those which have the broad expanded membranous disc ever used as sails. The true function of the latter is the secretion of the substance of the shell, which is held fast and completely enveloped by these expanded lobes of the dorsal shell-secreting arms.

Wonderful stories, too, have been heard of the power of the octopus in drawing men out of their boats down into the depths and devouring them. It is possible, however, that some of these stories of mysterious drownings had their origin in fact, for there is a locality in the Bay of Naples that at



F. Martin-Duncan.

OCTOPUS ATTACKING LARGE CRAB.

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one time had an unenviable reputation amongst the fisher-folk as the haunt of large and powerful octopuses and the graveyard of many an incautious boatman. The octopus, with his soft body tucked away in the cranny of the submerged reef, fished with four or five arms for his prey, and would use his other limbs as a means of anchoring himself. Even though the victim proved fairly lively and strong, the octopus was thus, with the good purchase he had upon the rock, virtually master of the situation, and wrapping his sucker-clad arms around the legs of the diving or swimming boatman, could eventually drown him.

But although many stories of the doings of devil-fish and kraken must be received *cum grano salis*, the octopus is in reality a wonderful and romantic creature, while its cousin, the cuttle-fish, probably the kraken of old time, reaches gigantic proportions, as is fully borne out in the following extract from the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for 1874:

"Two fishermen were plying their vocation off Great Belle Island, Conception Bay, October 26, 1873. Suddenly they discovered at a short distance from them a dark, shapeless mass floating on the surface of the water. Concluding that it was probably part of the cargo of some wrecked vessel, they approached it, anticipating a valuable prize, and one of them struck the object with his boat-hook. Upon receiving the shock the dark heap became suddenly animated, and, spreading out, discovered a head, with a pair of large, prominent, staring eyes, which seemed to gleam with intense ferocity, the creature at the same time exposing to view and opening its parrot-like beak with an apparently hostile and malignant purpose. The men were petrified with terror, and for a moment so fascinated by the horrible sight as to be powerless to stir. Before they had time to recover their presence of mind the monster, now but a few feet from the boat, suddenly shot out from around its head several long, fleshy arms, grappling with them for the boat, and seeking to envelop it in their folds. Only the two longest of these arms reached the craft, and, owing to their great length, went completely over and beyond it. Seizing his hatchet, with a desperate effort one of the men succeeded in severing these limbs with a single well-delivered blow, and the creature, finding itself worsted, immediately disappeared beneath the waters, leaving in the boat its amputated members as a trophy of the encounter. One of the arms was, unfortunately, destroyed before its value was known, but the other, when brought to St. John's, and examined by the Rev. M. Harvey, was found to measure no less than 19ft., and the fisherman who acted as surgeon declares there must have been at least 6ft. more left attached to the monster's body."

The arms of the octopus and cuttle-fish are clothed with a formidable array of suckers, which are wonderful pieces of mechanism. When the sucker comes into contact with an object, the central piston, having previously been raised so as to completely fill the cavity of the sucker, is at once withdrawn, and a perfect vacuum produced, explaining the great tenacity with which the suckers cling. They number upwards of one hundred pairs to each arm of the octopus, and once they obtain a grip of the victim, unless the arm is actually torn away from the body of the octopus, it is practically impossible for its prey to disentangle itself. In addition to these suckers, the octopus has a powerful pair of jaws, shaped like the beak of a parrot, behind which is a formidable armour-plated tongue used as a rasping organ. The octopus will attack and kill crabs and lobsters of considerable size, ripping open the body by means of its powerful jaws, and devouring the contents.

In spite of being such an awe-inspiring-looking creature, the octopus has several enemies in various species of whales, sharks, and conger eels; in fact, the latter are particularly fond of devouring the smaller octopuses. The conger eel will hunt for the octopus, and, when found, proceed to browse on its limbs. The octopus tries to hug the slippery, slimy conger tight, but in vain, and, finding its limbs growing beautifully less, discharges its ink in the face of the foe, and under cover of the turbid water beats a hasty retreat. It is to escape the too-pressing attention of its foes that the octopus has gradually evolved the remarkable and chameleon-like power of changing its colour to correspond with that of its surroundings.

The female octopus is an exemplary mother. In the breeding season she seeks out some quiet secluded corner amongst the rocks at the bottom of the sea, and fastens by a secretion the grape-like bunches of eggs to the rocks. She will produce from 300 to 500 eggs at this period. During the time of incubation she watches over the eggs, rarely moving from their immediate vicinity, except to obtain food. She is in a bad temper at this time with her husband, and if the male dare to appear on the scene she will manifest great anger,

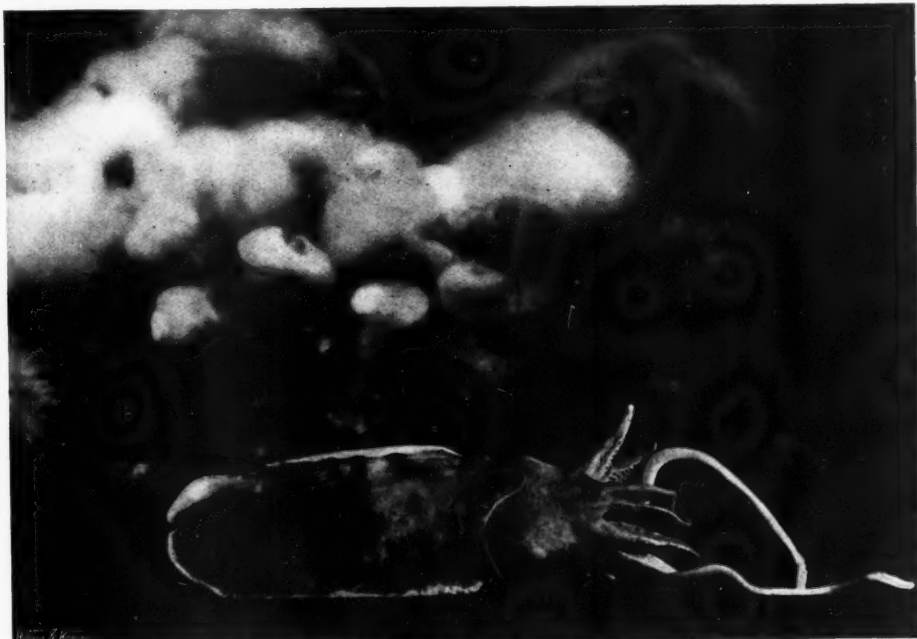
even going to the length of attacking and devouring him, should she consider him too enquiring in his attentions and disinclined to gracefully retreat. She is unremitting in her care for her eggs, continually spraying them to further oxygenate them, and clean off particles of sand and *débris*; and from time to time she will gather them into her arms and bring them up to her mouth, as if caressing them, though probably this is part of the operation of cleaning.

Although most interesting creatures for a marine aquarium, both the octopus and cuttle-fish are exceedingly difficult to keep for any length of time in captivity, as they really require a constant supply of fresh, well-oxygenated sea-water passing through the tank. They are probably the most difficult and trying of all marine creatures to photograph successfully, for besides their habit of closely assuming the colour of their surroundings, and skulking into the farthest and darkest corners, they will on the slightest provocation discharge the contents of their ink-bag, clouding the water hopelessly, and necessitating the thorough cleansing of the tank ere they become visible again.

F. MARTIN-DUNCAN.

A ROUGH SKETCH OF GERMAN FORESTS.

METHOD is the keynote of German forestry, as muddle is that of British. Such is the main impression on the eye and mind of an ignorant observer of both kinds. The German is nothing if not scientific in his ways, whether he be dealing with Nature or Art. His innate sense of law and order compels him to this; therefore, in his work with Nature, as he obeys her laws, so does she follow his



F. Martin-Duncan.

CUTTLE-FISH.

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will. Nowhere is this more exemplified than in the German treatment of woods and forests. The governing idea of German forestry is that the ground shall be fruitful and multiply trees, and that the trees shall be fruitful and multiply gold. The principal woods grown are oak, beech, birch, and ash, Scotch pine or fir (Kiefer), spruce (Fichte) of many varieties, and fir (Tannen) also of various species. The larch has been so gripped by disease that it is not grown to advantage in the district which the writer saw, and there was little of it.

Drive or walk a few miles through some of these forests, and this is what you will see. First, perhaps, on the left a natural wood of Scotch fir, trees clean shafted for 25ft. to 30ft., mostly done by Nature, but helped by man. They stand 3ft. and 4ft. apart, age fifty to sixty years, practically uniform in height and girth; their total height, 60ft. to 70ft.; girth, 1ft. 8in. to 2ft. (4ft. from the ground). The ground is clean and sweet, no refuse of rotting branches fouls it, no long rank grass or destructive bramble cumburs it; it has a carpet of brown soil, rich with humus, and in many cases a fresh green undergrowth of young beech. By the system adopted of thinning every five years after the initial twenty or twenty-five years, and the amount of light and space let in, seedlings of the shade-bearing species, such as beech, spruce, and silver fir, are enabled to grow as the undergrowth of the light-demanding species, such as pine and oak. On the other side of

the road there will perhaps be an artificial planting, either of oak or spruce. Here the trees, especially if coniferæ, will have the rigid appearance of soldiers standing in line. The idea of planting in rows is that the ground is more easily kept free of harmful undergrowth, such as grass, blackberry, and brambles, and the grass can be scythed when the trees are in their infancy; also thinning can be done with greater regularity, and the trees grown more uniformly. The spruce woods have rarely any tree undergrowth, for, being such shadebearers, very little light and air penetrate to the ground, except in places where larger thinnings and clearings are made for the purpose. Beech is especially grown in the pine woods, as it kills grass and other ground growths, and thereby keeps the soil clean. Amongst the hardwoods spruce seedlings are often grown.

Many of the deciduous woods have a belt of fir trees round them. The Germans call it "Fichtenmantel" (fir-cloak). The belt is not more than 15ft. to 20ft. wide. Its object is to protect the trees from wind, the soil from excessive sun-heat, and also to prevent the fallen leaves from being blown out of the wood, as by sinking into the ground they enrich it as leaf-mould. Further on you may come to a bit of oak or birch coppice. Bark is still used pretty generally in Germany for tanning purposes, though its extinction is visible on the horizon, for the cloud no bigger than a man's hand has already risen in the shape of chemicals for tanning, as at home. These coppices are cut over every nineteen years. The trees are cut into lengths of 6ft. to 7ft., and the bark is then beaten off either with wooden iron-headed hammers or with stobs. The tops of the trees and small branches are all broken up and sold in faggots. Nothing is lost or wasted. The cleanliness of the forests is most remarkable; they are as tidily

kept as a garden. A dead tree is removed as quickly as a dead body would be, and never one was to be seen—order and care and thoroughness everywhere.

The advantages of the climate enable German foresters to plant out seedlings in many instances. Their method of planting is slightly slower than the old-fashioned British "slit planting," but the time spent must bear profit eventually, for fewer treeings die. A wedge-shaped spade is used to dig the holes, the head being about 8in. long by 4in. wide and 1in. thick; this is inserted in the ground and worked slightly to and fro to make an opening 3in. or 4in. wide and about 6in. or 8in. deep. The treeing is then placed in the hole, the forester holding it in one hand while with the other he drops a little soil in, gently drawing the plant higher as he does this. The tree is thus planted with its roots vertically placed, viz., in their natural position, whereas in the frequent British method of "slit planting," by making a double L or T with a common spade and dropping the treeing into the centre, the roots are horizontally placed. Doubtless this is a very quick way, for a man and a boy working together will plant 3,000 trees (two or three year olds) in a day. On the other hand, the German way, with the same labour, would not do more than 1,500 to 2,000 in the same time; but the latter will lose fewer trees, due to the greater care taken of the roots. The transplanting implement used in the woods where natural regeneration takes place is called a "bohrer." It is exactly on the same principle as Messrs. Barr's

invaluable bulb planter, only on rather a larger scale. The transplanting apparatus (verschulapparat) used in the forest nurseries of Giessen is a most ingenious contrivance, and one that any village carpenter could make. It costs 30s.,



FALLEN LEAVES.

FROM YEAR TO YEAR THE SPACIOUS FLOOR
WITH WITHERED LEAVES IS COVERED O'ER.—Wordsworth.

including two specially-shaped iron rakes for preparing the seedlings' new bed. It transplants ten seedlings at a time, and in an ordinary day's labour, with two men and two women or boys working together, 32,000 seedlings can be transplanted.

The appliances used for "clean shafting" the trees are several. No tree, conifer or hardwood, is allowed to have feathering branches (or dead ones) cumbering its stem or bole. Nature by the close growth, of course, does most of this work, but the forester also helps. The primitive ladder and short saw or light axe, and a long-handled saw used from the ground, are nothing new or wonderful to British foresters. But the trees' branches outreach the longest-handled saw in time, and the shaft must be kept clean. Ladders are cumbersome things, and are also apt to slip unless held firmly at the bottom; that involves extra labour. Now comes in German ingenuity, simple, safe, and cheap. The forester buckles on to his feet his climbing-irons (steig-eisens), a simple contrivance of sharp iron hooks held to the inner sides of the soles of the boots by straps, while light flat iron bars, about 8 in. long and 1 in. wide, support his ankles on each side, again bound round with leather straps. The iron hooks give him a firm foothold on each side of the tree; he clasps the stem with his arms, and up he goes, the height to which he can climb depending on his head, and not on his feet. He has a small axe, slung in his belt behind him till he reaches the destined branches. Needless to say, he goes to his highest point first, so that he may have the additional help of the doomed branches to hand himself up by, and these will be lopped off on his descent. The cost of a pair of climbing-irons is a few shillings; they could be made by any village blacksmith, as they are in Germany.

In such woods and forests there are no remarkably fine individual trees, owing, naturally, to the continued system of close growing, which does not allow the expansion of trees at the expense of their brethren. The beauty of these woods is of a collective rather than of an individual nature. It is also the beauty of order and method and of uniform size and growth of trees. The artistic loveliness of such forests at a distance is the perfection of the canopy, and at a nearer view the symmetry and cleanliness of the stems and boles, and the perfect condition of a woodland soil. Grand trees, of course, there are, especially among the oaks and the fir species, but they are found where commercial profit is not the only consideration. The landscape effect of German woods and forests may differ from the British standpoint. For some tastes the natural beauty may be too restricted by man's art; nevertheless, that they have a beauty of their own is undeniable, and in the eyes of those who have any

love for forestry it is a far more attractive form than the *mish-mash* of giant trees and dwarfish pigmies, myriad mixed woods and hedgerow sentinels, that are the principal features of home woodlands and landscape.

The game question is the most fundamental difference between German and British sylviculture, and the crux of it is summed up in the single word—rabbit. In twelve weeks in Germany, in the woods or in the open, the writer never saw one single rabbit, though there are a good many hares, but these are not nearly so harmful. Where timber is seriously cultivated this arch-enemy of all forestry is exterminated neck and crop; at home he is only kept in bounds by gun and trap, but purposely not exterminated, for sporting purposes. Need one say more? One of the most efficacious methods used in the German woods to exterminate rabbits is the use of poisonous fumes, such as sulphuric acid. The burrows are watched, and those found to be in use have bits of flannel or stuff of any kind soaked in the liquid pushed down them on the end of a stick. The hole is then carefully closed up, and the fumes do their work with deadly effect. Winter-time, especially if there is snow on the ground, is the best season for this method. Sulphuric acid, being highly inflammable, needs very careful handling.

That game and sport are not incompatible with a system of scientific forestry is proved by the fact that there are a good many deer, red and roe, in many of the forests. The head of deer in proportion to the tree acreage is small, and from this point of view the damage they do is inconsiderable as long as they are kept the secondary object. There are also a certain quantity of black-game and capercaillie in Germany, and these are the most destructive of the game birds, for birds, as a whole, do more good than harm to trees by destroying injurious insects. Certain birds, especially of the small species, are seriously protected and encouraged to breed in the German forests, box-nests being nailed up for them in great quantities on the trees. In this country, if the gamekeeper were subservient to the forester, the cultivation of tree crops from a scientific and commercial standpoint would be quite compatible with a fair amount of sport, and certain coverts and plantations might be treated for game only on the one condition that rabbits should be entirely put down, and that the thinning and treatment of the woods should be, as far as possible where both objects had to live side by side, for the good of the tree crop rather than for the size of the game-bag. Until such conditions obtain among us scientific forestry on any considerable scale must remain a dead letter.

H.

IN THE GARDEN.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN NOVEMBER.

THE year would end drearily if it were not for the great array of Chrysanthemums which not only shine in the plant-house, but also in the garden, during dull November days. They seem to bring a subdued light and gladness into the garden, and have the same cheerful presence as the glittering Holly in the woodland, which seems to say, "Here I am, a sturdy, leafy, pleasant tree, to tell you that winter has its beauty in hedgerow and forest"; and so, too, the Chrysanthemum in the border. We were looking at a big mass of a very old variety a few days ago, the Julie Lagravere, which is dull at first, but a glint of sunshine from the cloudy sky imparts to the petals a warm glow, until the colour seems to possess a fresh life. It is just the ray of sunshine that makes the difference. Away from the city park and garden, where Julie Lagravere is wisely planted in abundance, the colour has a deeper shade; it is undimmed by a dirty atmosphere, and continues to remain fair to see until the eve of Christmas when the weather will allow it. The growth is about 4 ft. in height, and there is a slenderness of stem which gives the plant a certain grace. Another very old favourite is Progne, which is not unlike Julie Lagravere in colour, and has the distinction of possessing the fragrance of the woodland Violet. We wonder the raiser of new Chrysanthemums has not endeavoured to import this sweet scent into other varieties, which would be more laudable work than creating monster flowers in which the natural beauty of the Chrysanthemum is wholly lost. Where are the Golden Jardin des Plantes, and the Cottage Pink of boyhood days? We see them occasionally, but not in the same profusion as of yore, when they gave the only flower colour in the autumn garden. In these days of new Starworts, a richer variety of Flame-flowers, and other early-flowering Chrysanthemums, the golden balls of the beautiful Jardin des Plantes, and the pretty tint of the Cottage Pink, are clouded over, but we love these old garden flowers. They have their use in the beautifying of the autumn border, and we shall try to obtain some good stock for planting to make a display next year.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOLLIES.

We have received a few shoots of one of the, if not *the*, most beautiful of Hollies, and at this season, when the cheerful green of our woodland tree glitters in the weak sunlight of winter, we are reminded of the many forms of Holly which outshine even the native species. Wilsoni was raised by the famous firm of Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sibray, Handsworth, Sheffield, and is easily recognised in a large collection by the remarkable length and breadth of its handsome green leaves, which are thick on the firm, sturdy shoots. But this is not all. As winter approaches the large berries become redder and redder, until the whole bush is bright with colour, and the fruit clusters amongst the beautiful foliage. It is a Holly

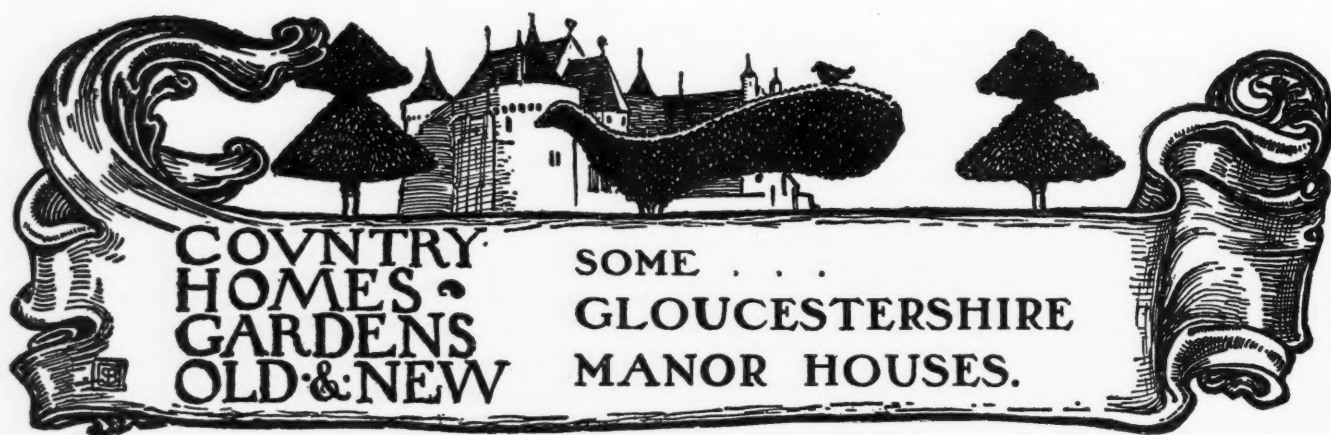
to plant as a specimen on the lawn where it is not crowded against other things. Many of the most distinct and attractive of our Hollies were raised in this great Yorkshire nursery.

WORK OF THE SEASON.

The welcome rains of late have done much to prepare the soil for planting and give it a desirable solidity, without which there is always a great risk of failure. Before the wet days it was almost impossible to plant; at least, this was the experience of the writer. The soil was hard as adamant, very dry, even at a considerable depth, whilst the severe frosts in October, though upsetting the flowers then open, were a blessing. They stopped growth, sweetened the soil, and dispelled all thoughts of summer lingering into late autumn. At the moment of writing the air is full of moisture, and the temperature almost spring-like. The soil is in excellent tilth, as the farmer says, and it is possible to push on rapidly with planting. A collection of rambling Roses has arrived for the newly-constructed pergola, and twelve varieties of dwarf Roses, twelve of each, to fill the same number of distinct beds. The object of this is to create a mass of colour by a drive to the house, and drench the summer air with fragrance. There will be Roses, Roses all the way, and the selection is as follows: *Le Progres*, *La Tosca*, *David Harum*, *Viscountess Folkestone*, *Sulphurea*, *Coralina*, *Hon. Edith Gifford*, *White Maman Cochet*, *Camoens* (a great favourite with the writer), *Mrs. W. J. Grant*, *Frau Karl Druschki*, the whitest of all Roses, and *Princesse de Sagan*, an intense scarlet. The remarks regarding the planting of Roses apply also to fruit trees and shrubs; and we are hurrying on with this too. The soil is very gravelly, and the position exposed. It is a new garden, almost treeless, and the greatest effect possible is absolutely essential. Here is the list: *Canadian* and *Lombardy* *Poplars*, *Austrian Pine*, and *Turkey Oak*. The *Poplars* serve as a screen to the young *Pines*, and in the years to come will be removed. We have also just examined the trees that were put in last autumn, with a view to strengthening the ties, as the wind sweeps across this hilltop and quickly discovers the weak spots. Plant bulbs as soon as possible, as those put in before the autumn has gone flower strongly, and at their appointed season.

A WINTER EXHIBITION OF CARNATIONS.

It will be pleasant news to the lover of the Carnation to know that a winter exhibition is contemplated. We weary of the eternal series of big Chrysanthemum blooms at the exhibitions, and anticipate that anything in the shape of a sharp departure from an apparently unalterable plan will be welcome. The majority of the Carnations that flower in winter are American raised, and have charmingly-fringed petals, whilst the colours are fresh and varied. We hope that not only will the Carnation Society hold a winter exhibition, but that classes will be provided for the winsome flower at the Chrysanthemum shows.



THERE are very few counties in England which can compare with Gloucestershire and Wiltshire in the number and interest of their architectural remains. The beauties of the West Country have ever attracted many to reside therein who could choose where they would dwell, and the fine quality and durability of the native stone have enabled many charming structures to be reared, and to last into our times. "Watch an old building," says Ruskin, in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "with anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at any cost, from every influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would jewels of a crown; set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city; bind it together with iron where it loosens; stay it with timber where it declines; do not care about the unsightliness of the aid; better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly, and reverently and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow." Somewhat in this spirit, happily, have many West Country houses been safeguarded from destruction, though not everywhere, and the preservation of the old houses must be attributed in part to the

durability of the materials, and in part to the absence of manufactures. Wiltshire glories in such places as South Wraxall, Sheldon, Great Chalfield, the Manor Farm at Yatton Keynell, the Porch House at Potterne, the Priory Farm at Edington, and Gloucestershire in many such places as we depict—all beautiful in their venerable age, all filled with the spirit of a past time, and all fitted to be the delight of the present day.

Cold Ashton, Hamiswell House, and Wyck are all in the southern part of the county, within a few miles from Bristol, not, therefore, far from the border of Wiltshire and Somerset, and kindred of Syston Court, which has been made familiar to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. They are not great or stately places, but just the dwelling-houses of good Englishmen, grey in their age, but lifting their crumbling gables, vested with the many-hued mantle of Time, above the walls which shut them in. The builders were evidently no mean masters of their craft, for their buildings are graceful and quaint, with fine carvings and noble forms to demonstrate their skill; and impressed upon them are the local characters which are so hard to define in words, but





COLD ASHTON MANOR HOUSE: THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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which make those who have studied such things able to say that these structures must have been raised in one of those Western Counties, and could not well stand anywhere else. They have close architectural affinities, no doubt, with the old stone halls of Yorkshire and Westmorland—the writ, indeed, knows a gateway in the former county closely analogous to that at Cold Ashton, which is illustrated, and leading up to just such a porch as may there be discerned—but those houses have something more stern and

mullioned windows above. Here still remain the features of an old formal garden, which delighted the old dwellers at Hamswell, with two long raised terraces, the upper one having a garden-house, and there are stairways descending to a long canal, all fairly worked with fine masonry. We can conceive that some day a reverent hand will restore the home to its former state, remove what may disfigure, and regenerate what remains. It is a possession of the Whittington family, who were long resident



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COLD ASHTON: THE GATEWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rugged in their character, due in part to the genius of the people, and in part to the character of the stone.

An interesting edifice is Hamswell House, in the parish of Cold Ashton, of which the porch is illustrated. The house has fallen into some decay, and there are modern additions which we could wish removed; but undefinable charm is in the features of the grey old porch, with its flanking pillars, its shell niches, its interrupted pediment, its beautiful shield of arms, and the

at Hamswell, and were descended from the Whittingtons or Pauntley, also in Gloucestershire, one of whose scions was the famous Sir Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, and whose house at Pauntley has long since disappeared.

Cold Ashton, in which parish Hamswell is a hamlet, was a possession of the great Abbey of Bath, and at the Dissolution passed to the prolific family of Dennys, which was established in many places hereabout. From them it passed to the Stratfords,



WYCK COURT, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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WYCK COURT: WEST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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WYCK COURT: EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and then to the Pipewells, a family of rich merchants of Bristol, and subsequently to the Gunnings and the Whittingtons. The manor house, as will be seen, is a peculiarly attractive building of striking architectural character, worthy of the admirable gateway by which it is approached. This is a fine example of the English Renaissance, with excellent flanking pilasters, a good arch and cornice, and interesting heraldic ornaments, scrolls, and vases filled with fruit, which are very unusual. The house itself is upon the E plan, and very nobly grouped. There are gabled bays boldly projecting, and other gables looking down upon the small open quadrangle, lovely windows, a fine porch, and very notable balustrading. Ivy and other climbers love to clothe such a structure, and they cling to the topmost pinnacle of its gable. A many-gabled structure it is, varied in skyline, with high roofs and fine groups of diagonal chimneys—a house very typical of the old Gloucestershire buildings, and very quaint and beautiful. Worn segmental steps, leading up through the gate to other steps, where the terrace rises to the front of the house, are the approach. There are great trees in the neighbourhood, and the garden is densely grown with trees and bushes.

A neighbour of Cold Ashton is the third house which is illustrated, namely, Wyck Court, about which an attractive story might be woven. It is a very fine sixteenth century mansion, now the residence of Mr. F. C. Constable, and a very typical example of the West Country manor house of the period. Its grand gables, admirable stone-mullioned windows, string-courses, and charming, though simple details, are all of singularly attractive character. The lofty ball-capped piers of rusticated masonry, and the embattled flanking walls, though of later date, add to the charm of the effect; and the house is equally attractive on the east or west side. It is interesting within also, for there is a very fine well staircase, beautifully carved, and in many ways excellent. The hamlet of Wycke, or Wick, formed, with Abston, a possession of the Abbey of Glastonbury, and the manor after the Dissolution was in the hands of the families of Dennys and Wintour; but in 1665 it passed to Thomas Haynes, whose descendants long lived at Wycke. The district is full of history, for many Roman and other early remains have been discovered in the vicinity, and the tide of the Civil War surged about the place, and thundered even in the picturesque and romantic valley watered by the river Boyd. The great fight of July, 1643, took place in the vicinity. Nowhere did the Royal cause take so brave a form as among the Cornishmen, and it was from Cornwall that the famous Sir Beville Grenville with his handful came, "so destitute of provisions that the best officers had but a biscuit a day." Their numbers grew for the array of the Marquess of Hertford and Prince Maurice, and Sir Ralph Hopton took the command. So did they come gathering strength in the advance to storm Lansdown Hill in the teeth of Waller's guns. The battle was hard fought, and many officers and gentlemen were killed, and amongst them Sir Beville Grenville, "whose loss would have clouded any victory," and who was brought to the parsonage at Cold Ashton to die. The memory of the great fight fills all the district in which these interesting houses stand. We are glad

indeed, to depict them, for they are charming architectural creations, and true exemplars of the life and character of the time in which they were built. Long may they be preserved from the disastrous influences of change and decay.

PIG-HUNTING IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE pleasure derived from sport, like many other concerns of life, depends not so much on the nature of the sport itself as on the individual who participates in it. To the sportsman of simple tastes I can conceive



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HAMSWELL HOUSE, BRISTOL: THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

no more enjoyable outing than a hunt after pigs through the up-country New Zealand solitudes. The magnificent and varying scenery, the light bush breezes, fresh from the great snowy ranges, and warmed into a delightful crispness by the Southern sun, impart an exhilaration that can hardly be imagined. The element of danger in the sport, though out of all proportion to what it has been sometimes represented, is not altogether absent. Many an up-country shepherd, used to all tricks of the game, besides the amateurs, can show marks of the cruel tusks. The pigs placed on the islands by Captain Cook

seemed to have multiplied in an extraordinary degree, for when settlement became general, they were almost as great a pest to the farmer as the rabbit subsequently became. Less than fifty years ago a wild boar was shot where the beautiful Gothic cathedral of Christchurch now stands; at the present day it would be difficult to find one within forty miles of that place. One may meet plenty of adult colonials whose only knowledge of the animals has been gathered from books and the stuffed specimens in the museums. The visitor who wishes to do some pig-hunting must be prepared to rough it—that is, to rough it from our standpoint; to the young country-bred colonial, roughing it has become a synonym for enjoyment. It is best to organise a small party, secure some good dogs, and a pack-horse to carry the tent, provisions, and other necessities; then, having got permission from the squatter whose run is to be the scene of operations, to start for the back country. Permission, as a rule, is not difficult to obtain, because the pigs often eat the young lambs. Superfluous clothing should be discarded, for scrambling through scrub and bush, along gullies that often end in precipices, cannot be comfortably accomplished in the orthodox garb of the English sportsman. Give me for preference a pair of dungaree trousers, a strong shirt that will not leave souvenirs of our tramp hanging on the sturdy manuka bushes, thick-soled boots, and a wideawake. A repeating rifle and a sheath-knife strung on the belt will complete the outfit.

With the first glimmer of daylight we are off, tramping beside our pack-horse higher and higher from the plains below. Steep hills—downs they call them in New Zealand—covered with yellow tussocks alternated by clumps of green scrub or sombre bush seem to stretch interminably inland towards the distant blue snow-capped ranges. No sooner have we toiled to the summit of one of these hills than another confronts us, if possible steeper and more forbidding than the one we have just surmounted. Along the little plateau, then down into the valley between, it seems almost as if we are descending as far as we have already climbed. The country gets rougher, great rocks stand out on the hillside, and the tussock is scarcer and more stunted. We try to find a track between the scattered boulders, a track impossible for any laden beast to traverse, save a mule familiar with Andean passes, or a New Zealand pack-horse. It will soon be necessary to call a halt, for the sun is pitiless when it catches one between these rocky reflectors, and even a colonial pack-horse has his limits. There on that slope, which surely must mark a fair stage in this interminable climbing, we will halt to rest our shaking limbs and brew some "bushman's tonic." It is reached at last, the pack-straps are unbuckled, the load slips down from the tired animal's dripping sides. He shows his gratitude by a series of appreciative grunts, rolling, feet skyward, over and over amid the tussocks. A tiny creek is found. We fill the billy before letting the horse drink; then he, knowing the value of present opportunities, heedless of the grand back-country landscape, or the bright panorama of the plain below, gathers hasty mouthfuls of the grass that grows green and luscious on the verge of the creek. Though not insensible to the charm of Nature, we think it wise to follow the example of our pack-horse. This mountain air begets an appetite never dreamed of in hackneyed holiday resorts; we vote that billy tea imbibed in such an atmosphere well repays us for our toilsome climb. Our meal finished, we lie smoking, gazing out over the vast plain, glowing in all the freshness of morning dew and sunlight. There is the blue glint of a boisterous, snow-fed river, now proclaiming its resistless power in thunderous eloquence as it leaps and swirls among a clump of rocks, now murmuring musically, apparently almost quiescent, as it glides over a stretch of level shingle. Near the horizon, beyond the domain of king tussock, are green fields and hedgerows, orchards, plantations, and nestling farmhouse, contrasting strongly with the savage grandeur around us. Were not the calls of sport so imperative we might linger here till sundown.

Once more the straps are fastened around the refreshed but reluctant pack-horse, and we are climbing upward farther from civilisation and nearer our goal. Towards evening we reach it, a great stretch of dark, uninviting bush, which spreads right up to the foot of the ranges. The tent is soon pitched close to its edge, the pack-horse hobbled, and our camp fire blazing cheerily.

In the morning we are up betimes, and have breakfast over before the laggard sun shows his face above the hilltops. How punctual people are when there is sport afoot! The dogs know exactly on what errand we are bound; one can see it by the whining eagerness with which they follow our preparations, the wistful intentness with which they watch our every movement. For the first mile we tramp together, but when the dogs begin to scent we spread out. The exhilarating anticipation of some good sport glows in our veins, for pig-hunting, like other pleasures, gives a good deal of its enjoyment in anticipation. To the right of the bush there is a hill covered with thick, almost impenetrable, manuka scrub. Towards this the dogs rush in a body. Yelping, eager, they make for a spot where the manuka is moving more energetically than the morning zephyr seems to warrant. There is a peculiar noise, half squeal, half grunt.

"Young ones!" somebody says. Then there is a gruffer note in the medley, and a tremendous commotion in the scrub, as if a squadron of horses were striving to force a passage through it. We stand clear in the open. Some of us have recollections, not altogether pleasant, associated with manuka scrub and a wild boar's tusks. "Get ready! Here he comes!" shouts one of the party. Rifles are raised to shoulders—there are a few moments of anxious, breathless waiting. "What a sell!" we cry simultaneously, lowering our rifles as a tiny youngster, scarcely bigger than a spaniel, darts into the open. He is allowed to escape unharmed; some day he will have tusks and show fight, and we have a thought for future visitors to Maori Gully. Now there is a dreadful row, exceeding all the preceding noises, on the very verge of the scrub. A dog limps out, a spreading patch of red that he never got from the dew-laden manuka boughs showing on his side. There is no mistake this time. At the extreme right of our line a huge boar, with the dogs at his heels, bursts half-blinded from the scrub. The man nearest levels his rifle. The rest of us stand mute, expectant, watching for the effect of our comrade's fire. A flash, a report, a tiny column of grey smoke quivering upwards; the boar, evidently unharmed, gains the scrub on the other side of the open. Surely our comrade—the best shot in the county—has not missed at that distance. No, he had not missed, as was afterwards proved. The bullet had glanced along the thick, armour-like hide of the animal's shoulder, only making a slight mark. This hide, which frequently exceeds 1 in. in thickness, will turn any bullet that strikes at all in an oblique direction. Impatient at the failure of his shot, the man follows in close pursuit. The remainder of the party proceed in the same direction as quickly as the thick undergrowth will allow. We can see from the motion of the scrub that the animal is making for the entrance of a deep gully that runs right into the heart of the hills. Straight up the gully they go, the fleeing boar and his eager pursuer, with the yelping dogs in close attendance. The rifle speaks once more, and we press anxiously forward. The shot has taken effect this time. The boar stands at bay facing the dogs; the blood is trickling from his side; he sways as if about to fall. Our comrade, thinking the victory already secured, and wishing to put the animal out of pain as soon as possible, drops his rifle and pulls his knife from its sheath. But the boar, sore wounded though he is, possesses a vitality on which our friend had not reckoned. He makes a furious rush, while the man, springing backward, trips over a piece of rock and falls headlong amid the scrub. Half stunned he lies there helpless, unable to save himself from the rend of the cruel tusks. With all the savage energy of his failing powers, the boar proceeds to vent his dying rage on the prostrate man. The gallant dogs rush in; there is a moment of deadly conflict, a rending of flesh and a howl of agony, and one of the faithful brutes lies dying in the scrub beside his master. The pig is just turning once more towards our prostrate comrade when we haply arrive on the scene. The man has escaped with torn clothes and a few scratches; the ending might easily have been otherwise. Such an experience, however, is uncommon. As a rule a boar will not show fight unless he is wounded and "baited up" by the dogs. At such times he is an antagonist by no means to be despised.

Pigs are plentiful in the thick bush of Maori Gully. By nightfall many tails are dangling—Indian scalp-lock fashion—from our belts. The inevitable billy is soon slung over a blazing wood fire, and, supper over, we sit round the fire smoking and telling yarns well on into the summer night; to-morrow we must return to civilisation and its cares once more.

ROCK-FISHING ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST.

MOST of the sea-fishing so popular just now round the English Coast is associated with either boats or piers. The opportunities of beach-fishing, though not altogether wanting on the coast of Kent, and in some vogue during autumn and winter on that of Suffolk, are, in the Southern half of the country at any rate, few and far between. On the Eastern side a little higher up, however, from midway up the coast of Yorkshire, that is, almost as far as Holy Island, the rocky headlands and foreshore give chances to the fisherman who dislikes the price of hiring boats and the other disabilities associated with tossing on the sea, which he has good reason to be thankful for, since that is a pierless land. Redcar and Saltburn have piers, it is true, of the orthodox type, but the rest, which are not by any means numerous, are mere harbour quays, occasionally given over to the purposes of fishing and shipping, and then the reverse of comfortable for the amateur angler.

Therefore it is that Scarborough anglers gratefully betake themselves to any of the suitable rocky beaches north and south

of that pleasant resort, and, throughout the last four months of the year, enjoy excellent sport with codling chiefly, but also, in some favoured spots, with billet of large size and sportive mackerel, while even uncommonly big wrasse are creeled by the rock-fisher, fighting fish, full of pluck, but, unfortunately, beneath contempt as food. Already on the Northumberland Coast, almost anywhere between Cullercoats and Newbiggin, but specially on that grand bay which sweeps from the former round to the gleaming tower on St. Mary's Island, this fishing from the rocks is a very popular form of the sport, only in that locality the methods of the Scarborough fisher, with which these notes are primarily concerned, are little known, a mode of float-fishing, to which the deep gullies, along which fish feed at all stages of the tide, are particularly suited, taking their place. Codling of large size are caught in this way within a few yards of the parade at Whitley Bay, and, with a little attention to the advance of the rising tide, there is no reason why such sport should not be enjoyed in absolute safety.

Around Scarborough the style of fishing is entirely different. Only on that remarkable pier of Nature's architecture, Filey Brigg to wit, have I seen float-tackle in use thereabouts, and even there the throw-out manner of fishing, presently to be described, divides the favour of most local craftsmen with a unique form of fly-fishing. The "fly," which is sometimes dressed more like a cuttle-fish, is thrown over the billet and mackerel and codling with a salmon-rod, just as it would be on an inland pool, and as only the calmest weather, with an offshore (westerly) wind,

hook used in this fishing is of the size we should use in the West Country for the biggest pollack, and, measured by the gape of a cod's mouth, it can hardly be called too large. It is mounted on twisted horsehair, which is purchased from Redditch by the hank, and which works out cheaper than gut, and one only is used on each rod, though the far-seeing angler takes a spare dozen, with half as many leads in his bag, so heavy on some days is the loss of gear. This will be readily understood by anyone who has once seen the fishing-ground uncovered at low tide, and, indeed, the wonder is not that so much should be lost, but so little. Out of regard for the wastage, all the tackle, even to the simple water-cord line, is of the cheapest, as, were it not, this destructive style of fishing would be out of reach of the class who get most enjoyment from it. The bait consists of either scallops or mussels, both of which (the former under the name of queen-oysters) can be purchased at the oyster bars or ordered overnight. So immense a hook takes two or three scallops, or half-a-dozen mussels, to cover the shank and bend, the barb and point being left bare. The local fish are not easily scared, and with the entire hook buried in so substantial a bait it would be difficult to strike it home in the fish. Sufficient of these molluscs having been strung on the hook, they are next kept in place by a whipping of tacking cotton, 8yds. or 10yds. being lightly wound round the soft flesh, so as to prevent the bait flying off *en masse* when flung out. All being ready for the cast, the fisherman turns his back on the sea, draws the hook and lead as close as possible to the top ring, and, apparently



F. G. Aflalo.

AFTER CODLING WITH ROD AND LINE.

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favours this delightful and artistic sea-fishing, the resemblance between the two is enhanced. Immense catches are made on lucky days, and the great billet can be seen in the still clear water fearlessly swimming to the very edge of the rock, almost indeed between the fisherman's nailed boots, which alone enable him to get firm foothold on the treacherous slimy weed.

The more characteristic rock-fishing, however, as practised on Sundays at Ravenscar, Hayburn Wyke, Cloughton Wyke, or Cayton Bay, on days, at any rate, when the sea is too rough for Filey, the favourite playground of them all, is very different, consisting of bait-fishing on throw-out tackle. A lancewood rod, with pulleys in place of rings, gives the necessary spring, and minimises the friction of the line as it runs out after a half-pound lead, the latter being shaped like a fish, and attached to the reel-line by 1ft. of common string. The object of this is in order that it may break off if foul in the rocks, a provision whereby the angler sometimes saves a good cod, where with a stronger link between it and the lead he might easily lose both. The reel is an enormous pattern, measuring 7in. in diameter, but not thick in the barrel in proportion. It is unprovided with either line-guard or check of any description, with the result that, though a most efficient tool in the hands of an expert master, the novice is more likely than not to quarrel with it. I have seen even one of the leading amateurs of Scarborough get hopelessly overrun at a cast, though something is done to mitigate such disaster by plunging reel and all under water before starting to fish. The

without effort, sends them flying out 40yds. or 50yds. (or on special occasions even further), the merest touch from the finger on its rim being sufficient to make the reel behave itself and stop at the exact moment required. The bait being out in 6ft. or 8ft. of water—no greater depth is necessary for even the best cod, if only a breeze curls the water and makes a little surf—the fisherman lights his pipe and waits ten minutes, or ten hours, as the case may be. A small bell is affixed to the top of the rod and the latter stuck upright in the rocks. At the first tinkle of the bell he springs to his feet and seizes the rod, waiting for a second bite, since the codling rarely, if ever, hooks itself at the first essay. At the second time of asking, however, it meets with quick response from a practised wrist, and, with a preliminary jerk, the object of which is to swing the flat lead at once clear of the rough bottom, the cod, or codling (as they call anything up to 8lb. or 10lb.), is reeled in to the angler's feet, tapped on the head, laid on a rock, and so the fisherman proceeds *da capo*.

Such is the practice of this purely local rock-fishing. It does not perhaps represent the highest form of angling in salt water. It is, to go no further afield in search of a contrast, points behind the artistic fly-fishing practised on the same grounds at Filey Brigg. But it affords men who are hard at work all the week in shop or office an excuse for a day of moderate exercise in splendid air right off the water, and if there are any who can, for themselves or others, sneer at such a boon, we need not be greatly concerned for such hypochondriacs. "Non ragionam' di lor, ma guarda e passa!" F. G. AFLALO.

MR. LIONEL PHILLIPS'S POULTRY-FARM.



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THE CRAMMING-CAGES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

A VERY interesting experiment is being tried in Hampshire by Mr. Lionel Phillips, and one that is more than usually interesting, because it is less intended for the purpose of yielding the proceeds to the owner than of supplementing the industry of poultry-keeping, and in this way helping the rural population of the neighbourhood. Beyond all question this can be done to a great extent by the starting of fattening establishments. It would be in the highest sense of the word absurd to expect cottagers and others who have not the requisite appliances and capital to begin the business of producing table poultry. What they would do would be to spend very much more on the individual chickens than they would receive for them when they came to be sold. Besides, the skill, attention, and expense involved would be very serious obstacles. But, on the other hand, it is a difficult problem for those who do fattening on a very large scale to find the chickens to work upon. As a matter of fact, they have to send to Ireland for them, and the practical question, so far as it affects the English labourer, is whether these chickens could or could not be raised at home. We can understand that the labourer could not produce them in very large numbers, as he has

not conveniences for the purpose, and, at any rate, there are but few farmers or landowners who, for reasons that can easily be surmised, would care to have labourers with a very large stock of fowls to keep. On the other hand, in these days nearly every cottager has a fair-sized garden, or an allotment; and if he has neither, or is reserving them for some other purpose, there is, at any rate, plenty of green space on the roadsides where the brooding hen could be cooped, while the chicks could pick up at least a very large proportion of their early livelihood from the grass and clover that grow along the ditches.

But this, although an indistinct description of the experiment made by Mr. Lionel Phillips, to those who are interested in the spread and perfection of the poultry industry, is not the only view from which his scheme may be viewed. It is, in fact, an object-lesson that owners of land may study with great advantage to themselves. We might say that the land is situated at Rotherwick, about three and a-half miles from Hook Station, and some five miles from Bramley. The soil is not ideally the best for the purpose, as chickens, like almost all other birds, are extremely fond of, and do best on, a very light and



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AMERICAN LIGHT BRAHMA COCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

porous soil. In fact, there is no getting the best out of them unless the two elementary conditions are fulfilled of dryness and warmth.

At the present time the farm is naturally divided into three parts. There is a lower piece of ground, and a higher, and there is the fattening establishment. It has been found by experience already that the birds do better on dry ground than on the moist clay, and that as far as fertility is concerned it is a distinct advantage for them to be allowed their freedom. Those kept in runs do not do nearly so well as those which are allowed to run about. Changes are meditated at the moment, and probably next year will see the coops and houses in a better position. Many different breeds have been tried, but it is early to speak of the result as settling their respective merits. A cross between Indian Game and Dorking has done as well there as elsewhere, but the poultry-man thinks very highly of a comparatively little-known local breed. It is the Speckled Sussex, of which we give an illustration. These birds seem to be equally good for laying purposes and for the table. The chickens come to maturity very early, and for weight compare favourably with those of any other breed. Among our illustrations will be found two pictures of Light Brahmas. These are not the English variety which has been bred so exclusively for show-yard points that it has lost much of its original character. Americans, as is well known, have been used in America for purposes of utility, and the same regard has not been paid to their show-yard points as in Great Britain. It should be mentioned that the cockerel was in moult when taken; even so he is a very fine bird, and, probably owing to a cast back, has inherited many of the finest characteristics of exhibition poultry. He is, we believe, destined to a career on the show bench.

The arrangements of this poultry-farm leave little to be desired. It has ever been fully recognised that if the very best results are to be expected the greatest attention must be given to the maintenance of the comfort of the chickens. They will neither lay, breed, nor fatten unless carefully attended to. Of course, there are some people who hold the old-fashioned opinion that chickens ought not to be coddled too much, and they would leave them more or less to Nature. If the gardener, say, were to adopt that plan with his plants we know what would happen. The garden flower is an artificial production, and must be protected from extremes of weather. So, also, the carefully-bred chicken must be protected from intense heat and cold, as well as from the tempest of wind and rain. At this farm ingenious and careful arrangements have been made—by means of shutters and other contrivances—to ensure for the chickens the protection which is necessary to permit of their doing their best. The sheds are built upon the lean-to plan, and measure about 5ft. 6in. at the back, rising to 8ft. in front. The front is composed of wire-netting, over which a sliding glass shutter can be placed. A large canvas shutter hangs from the roof, which, during severe weather, is lowered to provide a separate roosting compartment at the back. The houses are made of double thickness in inch boarding, with air spaces 3in. between. Each run is



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AN IMPROVED FOSTER-MOTHER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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MOVABLE HOUSE.

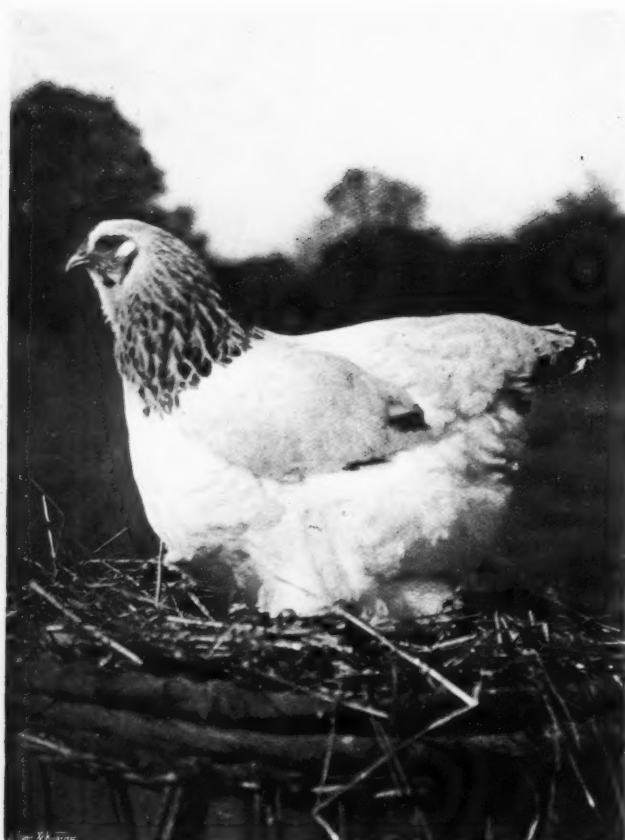
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A FATTENING-SHED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

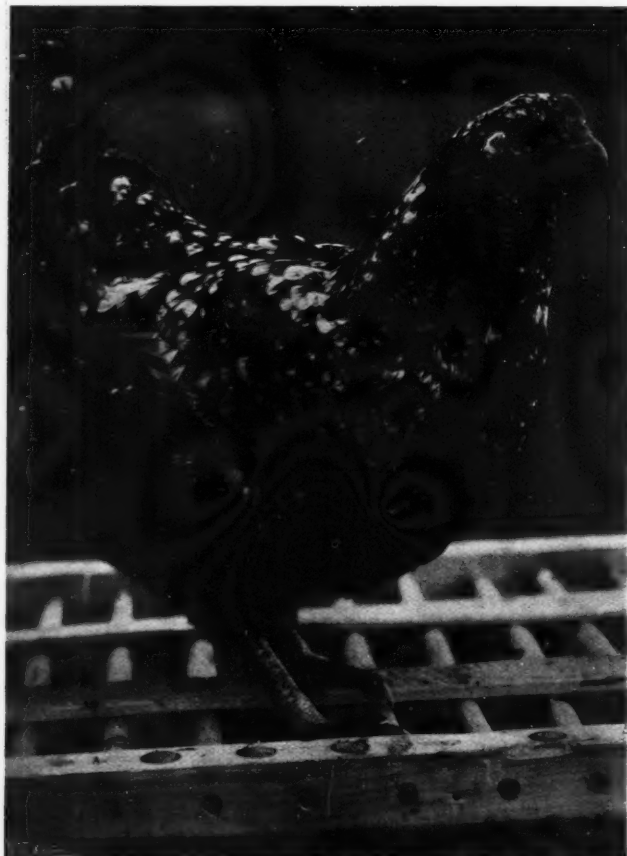


Copyright.

BRAHMA HEN.

"C.L."

made for twenty-five fowls, and is doubled, so that two runs are used alternately, the ammonia being grown out of the ground by herbage from one while the chickens are confined in the other. There is a large incubating-room, which we understand is to be rebuilt. Some eight incubators are used, and arrangements are made to have the chickens out by about the end of the year, so that they may come in well for the spring market. With them several foster-mothers are used. The method of feeding is that of giving hard food in the morning and soft



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SPECKLED SUSSEX HEN.

"C.L."

at night. It has been tried at various places, but we do not know that it is much more successful than the older method. The birds which have considerable freedom, and can pick up a quantity of food for themselves, will probably do better if fed with a digestive soft food in the morning, whereas hard food will keep them contented for a longer time at night. But if they are confined in a run the case is somewhat altered. The mash used is made up of one part carrots or swedes boiled, one part clover or lucerne meal, and one part boiled peas and a few scraps of beef, the whole being brought to a proper consistency by the addition of oatmeal or middlings. The extensive fattening-sheds will be very well understood from the illustration given. One of the novel features lies in the use of the electric light for them. The idea is that birds which are fed in the morning are not always ready for their second meal at sunset, and, of course, the essence of fattening consists in seeing at every meal-time that the crop is empty. The use of the electric light enables the interval between the two meals to be so extended as to ensure this. The electric light, besides serving this purpose, is extremely useful in the various adjuncts of the fattening establishment, the plucking-room, the wood-store, the incubator-room, and so forth. The fattening-shed, which is 80ft. long by 14ft. 6in. in width, has four rows of cages, and a cement floor raised about 1ft. above the surrounding ground. One of the



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PLUCKING.

"C.L."

contrivances now in use promises to do something little short of revolutionising poultry-farming. This is the cold-storage chamber. Up to now one of the great drawbacks to the business has been the fluctuation in prices. There are times in spring and early summer when eggs are so cheap that it is scarcely worth while to produce them. We have seen them in London markets as low as 6d. a dozen, but in winter it is difficult to obtain eggs that are even approximately newly laid, and if the poultry-man is able to keep them over from one season to the other he will certainly make a considerable profit. Various methods of keeping eggs have been tried, but they are not quite satisfactory. Eggs may be kept sufficiently fresh for ordinary cooking purposes; but they do not boil well, and are therefore of little use for the breakfast-table. It is claimed for the cold-storage chamber that it keeps eggs in winter as fresh as when new laid, and this holds still more true of table poultry. Chickens go up and down in the market to a most extraordinary extent, in accordance with the varying supply sent in, and there are seasons of the year when nearly everybody connected with the business has fat chickens to dispose of. The consequence is that the price falls far below paying point, and very often a loss is encountered that undoes the work of the year. Obviously, however, cold storage will remedy this, as it enables poultry to be laid away as soon as they are fit for the table. No expense is incurred in feeding and

keeping them up to the mark till prices rise, and it is no exaggeration to say that they are as good to eat when taken out of the cold-storage chamber as they were when put in it. The construction of this building was a capital idea, and we believe the example set here will be followed wherever poultry-rearing is attempted on a large scale.

It will be seen, in short, that Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Phillips have got together the very best appliances for poultry-farming, and we hope in the near future to be able to announce that they have made a great success of the experiment. We can wish them good luck with greater heart because their success will mean additional employment and additional means of livelihood to the labouring people in the vicinity, who, we may be sure, will soon catch hold of the idea of rearing chickens to sell to the fattening establishments.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE publication of two volumes of *Lectures and Essays* (Macmillan) by the late Canon Ainger supplies material for forming a fairly accurate conclusion as to the standing of that accomplished writer. This is not to say that his reputation must stand or fall by these volumes. During the later years of his life, Canon Ainger was much called upon for lectures and contributions to magazines, and the result was that he composed at considerable length, but scarcely with the care and trouble which he might have exerted had his work been less in demand. We may also say at once that the net result of a somewhat careless reading of these pages is to lead us to the conclusion that Canon Ainger was a man of exceptionally fine taste and wide knowledge, though not amongst the very first flight of critics. Where he shines most is in the task of appreciation. He has a genuine love of pure English, and seems to have rejoiced whenever he met with it. As examples of this kind of criticism we may take one passage referring to Shakespeare and another to Robert Burns. The first runs as follows:

"Shakespeare's language does not (like Marlowe's) grow in efflorescence and in magniloquence as his incidents rise in wonder or terrible-ness. Rather, as the incidents thus rise, his language calms into simplicity and reverence. Before the majesty of Life—its sorrows, fears, passions, yearnings—the language becomes grave and clear—and stronger because graver and clearer—till often all that differences Elizabethan English from our own seems to fall away, and the verse becomes as modern as Wordsworth or Tennyson would write."

This passage, it seems to us, is extremely fine and just. If one calls up the most poignant of the sentences in the best passages of Shakespeare, it will be to find that they are invariably clear and simple. This, we think, will be found to be true of every great passage of this author, and Canon Ainger has applied very much the same kind of criticism to Robert Burns. His essay on that poet is, indeed, one of the finest in the book, chiefly on account of its justice and moderation. Burns has suffered on the one hand from the intemperate adulation of his countrymen, and on the other from the equally intemperate depreciation of those not in sympathy with him. In the Scottish character there is an element for which the late R. A. M. Stevenson invented the word "bleat," which alludes to a great deal of the sort of stuff which passes between one "brither Scot and another." Where this has been given expression to in Burns, it has been lauded beyond measure, and we feel grateful to Canon Ainger because he brings to bear upon it a moderating influence—he was characteristically fond of the Scotch word "moderator" for chairman. As well as holding the balance of justice, however, he was a most acute critic, and showed it with a commendable simplicity in dealing with what has been called the bilingualism of Burns. The provincial child even now, and much more at the end of the eighteenth century, lived two lives and spoke two languages, of which the latter was that not in use, and was nearly incomprehensible to those who had been accustomed to a different dialect or to educated English; the book language was altogether different. It has become rather a commonplace of criticism to say that Burns was always at his best when using the native Doric. Canon Ainger held an opinion precisely opposite to this, and defends it in a manner that leaves nothing for us to say:

"Take the beautiful poem called 'The Vision,' from the first-published volume of 1786. As long as the poet is describing the doings and thoughts of a Scottish peasant at the close of a hard day's toil, he uses the vernacular with his usual skill and humour:

The sun had closed the winter day,
The curlews quat their roaring play,
And hungered maukin' ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Where she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin'-tree,
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had closed his e'e
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence right pensivelie
I gaed to rest.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time
How I had spent my youthfu' prime
And done nae thing
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sirg.

"But as the poem advances, and the young man dreams his dream, and the guardian spirit of his country appears to console and encourage him in his task of interpreting the joys and sorrows and aspirations of his people in song, the vernacular gives place to a strain of purest English, in which even the familiar vocabulary of the eighteenth century English poets all but disappears:

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray,
Was light from heaven.

'Then never murmur nor repine,
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine
Nor king's regard
Can give a bliss o'er-matching thine
A rustic bard.

'To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan,
Preserve the dignity of man
With soul erect;
And trust the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

'And wear thou this,' she solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head;
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And like a passing thought she fled
In light away."

Canon Ainger refers to this passage as nobly simple, free from rhetoric, and musically perfect, and his remarks are worth noting as showing what he looks for in a fine passage of poetry, viz., simplicity and harmony given without rhetorical effect. He goes on to quote the well-known song in "The Jolly Beggars," "A fig for those by law protected." His remark upon these lines is that they "have never been rivalled in sheer force by any Englishman, unless it be Jonathan Swift," and he comes to a conclusion very similar to that which he reached in the case of Shakespeare:

"The truth is that when Burns was deeply moved, or carried away by the whirlwind of his prodigal fancy, he forgets models altogether, and among them models of English, and becomes as modern and universal as Shakespeare himself became under like conditions."

This is all very well, but when Canon Ainger comes to deal with Sir Walter Scott he is not nearly so satisfactory. On the old quotation from Buffon, "The style is the man," he says a good deal that is rather trite. It is curious that this very simple and elementary fact should so frequently be misunderstood. A man's style does not belong exclusively to his writing, but is as apparent in his games as in his composition. Should he, for example, play chess, he will develop a style all his own as certainly as if he took to writing novels or poetry, a fact thoroughly well known to exponents of the game. Moreover, a man's mind is an entity, and whoever is able to understand and see it thoroughly will find that all the developments of its action work in harmony, so that there cannot be any contradiction between style in chess or any other game and style in literature. Thus it is impossible to divorce matter from manner, what a man has to say from the way in which he says it. Every adjective he uses or refuses to use is an indication of something that he has seen or failed to see, and when all the expressions are found to harmonise together, an understanding is arrived at. A somewhat similar comment may be passed on the long paper devoted to the ethical element in Shakespeare. The most exquisite confusion exists in regard to this question of morality in a writer. Many people are foolish enough to suppose that the speech of a character represents the thought which the creator of that character was trying to propagate. But the great distinction of Shakespeare lay in this, that he came to the study of representation of human nature without any prejudice or any tradition. In the Greek dramatists we find fate, destiny, necessity, or else some blind inscrutable fear governing the action. Canon Ainger admits that this in the highest sense is wrong, that, in a word, fate in the old sense does not exist. But for that he substitutes the doctrine that he believes Shakespeare to have held—what a man sows that shall he also reap. It might be sufficient retort to quote another passage from Scripture, to the effect that the rain

falls equally on the just and the unjust. Shakespeare no doubt produced a certain rough poetic justice, but for the most part he pictured life as he saw it, and, we are sure, did not too curiously consider a man's sowings and reapings. Perhaps in "King Lear" alone did he show some desire to introduce the Greek idea of destiny, and the result, in spite of the admiration that has been given to this play, is, we consider, a kind of forced mechanism in its action not to be found in the others. The desire to rend our hearts by means of pity and terror is too obvious. The play that Canon Ainger uses to illustrate his meditation is "Romeo and Juliet"; but surely it was

neither the reaping of the fruit of their deeds by this boy and girl, or by Guelph and Ghibelline, but rather the primeval fact that a tragedy often comes from the rashness of a man as opposed to the prudence and forethought of a woman. It was not owing to any of his own misunderstandings that Romeo's project failed so calamitously, and still less was it owing to family feuds, but to a misapprehension on his own part. Here, as in many another play, Shakespeare allotted to his heroine the finest action. In that Sir Walter Scott followed his example very closely, with the notable result that the heroines of both writers stand out clear and strong above the heroes.

MR ROWLAND WARD'S "MONGOLIANS."

THE covert-shooting at Necton, near Swaffham, now in the occupancy of Mr. Rowland Ward, has some features of peculiar interest which entitle it to very special attention. Mr. Ward has now been the tenant of Necton for three years, in the course of which the shooting has been carefully nursed and the coverts lightly shot. Necton Hall itself is a fine mansion, standing in well-timbered grounds, and has been in the possession of the family of Mason ever since the time of Henry VII. The extent of the property is some 4,000 acres. The coverts are, on the whole, fairly adapted for the purpose of game preserving, and in the present season wild pheasants, bred from hens which were spared for that end from the very beginning of last year's shooting, have done very well indeed.

In the latter end of the season some of the woods become very bare of under-covert, and there are a fair number of foxes, the country being hunted by the West Norfolk Hounds. The feature of peculiar interest, however, in these two days' shooting—November 3rd and 4th—at Necton consisted in the fact that between 600 and 700 of the birds in the coverts were hybrid Mongolian pheasants.

Readers of this paper may have noticed an account in the issue of August 5th of this year of Mr. Rowland Ward's Mongolian and half-bred Mongolian pheasants. He succeeded in obtaining three Mongolian cocks from Hagenbeck, the importer of animals at Hamburg; and these, in addition to ten half-bred cocks given him by The Hon. Walter Rothschild, and 200 half-bred eggs from Mr. Russell of Westernhanger in Kent, formed the basis of the stock of which he shot many on November 3rd and 4th. Mr. Walter Rothschild was the first to import this fine pheasant into this country, or at least to make trial of its cross, for shooting purposes, with the common kind, obtaining the



W. A. Kouch.

THE SHOOTING PARTY.

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birds from Hagenbeck's establishment. The cross has proved extremely hardy. The birds do well as youngsters, coming quickly to maturity. According to Mr. Rothschild's estimate, cock birds born in June and shot in November weigh as much as two year old common cock pheasants. He says, moreover, that later on they fly much faster than ordinary pheasants, and this, as will be seen, is endorsed by the opinions formed at Necton this year. The cross is perfectly fertile, and the advantage of the introduction of fresh blood, apart from other merits, is of course obvious. With regard to the precise species of the bird, Mr. Rothschild describes it as *Phasianus Mongolicus* simply. Mr. Ward, however, has been kind enough to send us an extract from a letter to him from Mr. Sergius Alpheraky, the

well-known Russian ornithologist, as follows: "There exist three races of the bird; one from the Eastern Thian Shan, another from the Western Thian Shan (the bird I met in quantities in Kouldsha in 1879), and, lastly, the one inhabiting Russian Turkestan proper (River Syr-Daria, Lake Aral, Tashkent, etc.). These races have received the following names, *i.e.*: 1. *Mongolicus* Brandt (Western Thian Shan). 2. *Semitorquatus* Severtzow. 3. *Turkestanicus* Larenz (Turkestan). All these are very much the same, but differ in slight but constant characters." It would be interesting to hear from this correspondent which it is of these varieties that has been supplied by Hagenbeck. Possibly for purposes of English sport and crossing they are all of equal merit. Both the cross and the pure Mongolians are said to be very good birds for the table.

The guns at the two days' shoot at Necton this year, when for the first time these hybrids were shot, were the Hon. F. Anson, Mr. F. Barker, Mr. Wyrley Birch, Mr. B. Horton, Mr. Harvey Mason, Mr. M. Stocks, and Mr. Rowland Ward himself. On the first day



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MR. ROWLAND WARD.

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the bag was 448 head, of which 214 were cock pheasants, and exactly the same number, by a curious coincidence, hens. On the second day the total was 396 head, with 176 cock pheasants and 193 hens.

Very few words will suffice for reference to the pictures, which for the most part explain themselves quite adequately, as, for instance, the house party, and a good likeness of the host, who is better known in connection with bigger game than the pheasant. He has with him his favourite Labrador retriever Venus, a breed in which he has taken great interest. In one of the pictures of the party, and also in a single photograph given to itself, is seen one of the hybrid birds between the pure

Mongolian cock and the common pheasant hen. Especial attention may be drawn to the great width of the white collar. The photographs of the actual shooting were wonderfully clear, and their reproductions show the birds flying well and high. Mr. Rowland Ward has very obligingly supplied some notes descriptive of the stands. The first beat was spoilt by a fox, which, after coming out of the covert for a look at the guns, turned back into it again, and put up all the birds at once. For the second stand the

beaters went into the orangery, near the Hall, and drove the birds across into the Bathing Pit,



W. A. Rouch.

THE "BATHING PIT" STAND.

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which is a small wood in the park with a pond of water. The hybrids here came very fast and high, giving some

of the most difficult shots of the day. The cocks with the broad white collars, dark bodies, and light wing coverts were easily distinguished from the smaller common pheasants. Mr. Ward notes that the shooting was good at this stand. The third stand was in the middle of a belt which gives the best covert of all to the birds, so that many of the birds which really belonged to the orangery were seen here. They rose very high and straight, and the pick up from this



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MR. ANSON SHOOTS WELL IN FRONT.

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stand was the heaviest of any. For the fourth and fifth stands the guns were in the same places, but facing another way, the "Reeds" being brought over at the first, and at the second the whole being taken by the beaters the reverse way; but in Mr. Ward's opinion it was a pity that the fine Bathing Pit stand was not repeated.

This, from the immediate point of view of this paper, was the more interesting day, for although a good bag was obtained on the 4th in the Grove Beat, Necton Wood, it was almost wholly of common pheasants, with only an occasional quarter-bred Mongolian hybrid. All the pictures shown are of the first day's sport. On the general subject of the half-bred birds Mr. Ward observes that they have done very well, being more easily reared, stronger, and rising higher and faster than our common pheasants. When the birds were taken from the rearing-field they were turned out into the orangery, in which are rhododendrons, with big oaks, firs, etc. Buckwheat has been sown between the orangery and



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COMING OUT OF THE "BATHING PIT."

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the neighbouring belt, and they seem to like this ground, which is damper, and has good under-covert. Although some of the coverts were very wanting in undergrowth, they did not seem much inclined to stray.

One of the cocks was weighed by Mr. Ward with a spring balance and found to weigh $3\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and a hen just 3 lb., and these were birds of the year; but there seems no doubt that they could be fattened up to weigh a good deal more, for these had not been



Rouch. MONGOLIAN PLUMAGE. Copyright.

given maize, and there was little food in their crops. Mr. Ward's experience shows that the pure Mongolians will not eat maize. They will eat millet and small seed, and green food is recommended for them. In all, Mr. Ward turned out from 600 to 700 of the cross-bred birds. His tenancy of Necton ends this season, and he is looking out for another place

in which to carry on his experiments. The half-breds are the birds which are found to be the heaviest and the best for stocking coverts.

The following are the testimonials given of them by one or two of the recent shooters at Necton. Mr. Anson writes: "They fly very strong and higher than ordinary birds. They rise very quick and fly straight. There is no question that they are heavier and finer birds than the ordinary pheasant, and their plumage is much finer. At this early date several birds weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb." Mr. Birch says: "They fly very strongly and fast. They seem to rise more quickly from the ground than the common pheasant does, and fly faster, and are a much finer bird; in every way desirable." Mr. Barker's opinion is: "They seem to fly extremely well, they rise quickly, and get going quicker than the common pheasant. As regards weight, some birds of the year weighed, on November 1st, as much as $3\frac{3}{4}$ lb. for cocks, and one hen touched 3 lb. On the whole, the Mongolian cross appears



Rouch. LEAVE IT FOR THE NEXT GUN. Copyright.

an excellent one, as the birds certainly are stronger and fly both very high and fast." Mr. Walter Rothschild considers that "both half, three-quarter, and pure Mongolian fly stronger and higher than the ordinary pheasants, and get up higher in a shorter time. They are decidedly superior in hardiness, early completion of moult, and fertility. Coverts are mostly of large mixed beech and larch, but the covert where the Mongolians do best has a large gorse and fern covered common attached to the wood, where the birds spend the day. The half-bred Mongolian



W. A. Rouch.

A COVEY OF PARTRIDGES OVER LATE IN THE EVENING.

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THE COTTESMORE AT SKEFFINGTON WOOD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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is at least one-sixth heavier than the ordinary bird; the three-quarter-bred and the pure about a fifth heavier." Opinions, to put it shortly, thus resolve themselves into a chorus of praise, without a discordant note. Many times in the columns of this paper we have expressed strong doubts whether we had yet found the ideal game-bird for our coverts. It would seem as if these very successful experiments with the half-bred Mongolians had gone far towards attaining the ideal.

FROM THE FARMS.

BUTTER TESTS.

IN the Journal of the Board of Agriculture for the present month there is an instructive and interesting article on this subject. We cannot follow the writer into his careful examination of the results obtained by the Somerset County Council, but the conclusion at which he arrives is one of very great importance to the practical dairy-farmer. It is as follows: "As in every experiment tried there has resulted some increase in weight of butter from the churning together of Shorthorn and Jersey cream over what would have been obtained if the creams had been dealt with separately, and as, moreover, the gain was in some of the tests fairly substantial (amounting to more than 6 per cent.), it is safe to conclude that such a procedure is to be recommended, and that those farmers who keep a few Jerseys among a herd of ordinary Shorthorns or cross-breds for butter-making are not only improving the texture

added, are by no means so straggling and unshapely as might be expected. This is what has been practically ascertained, but Mr. Pickering does not think the experiments have gone so far as to justify him in recommending that trees should not be pruned. Summer pruning, we are told, seems to have been followed by no good results in the case of the trees at Woburn, and is not recommended. Root pruning, it is remarked, if continued every year stops all growth, and trees thus treated are now moribund. When root pruning is performed less frequently, the effect is proportionately less, and recovery accompanied by relatively heavy cropping begins in the second year after the operation. Replanting, if performed without injury to the roots, does not seem to have any effect at all, but if the tree is of considerable size it is impossible to avoid injury to the roots. Transplanting was found to succeed best in the case of bush trees when they were two and three years old. With standard trees those of two and four years of age were tried, and the younger trees did much better. These are some of the salient things pointed out by Mr. Pickering's report, and seem to be worth attention on the part of those who have the care of orchards.

THE MILK STANDARD.

The protest which Mr. Charles Marshall makes against what he calls the inherent injustice of the milk standard, is written, as we think, somewhat too much from the exclusive view of the dairy-farmer. He gives many figures to show the variation in the quality of milk yielded by individual cows. One, for instance, "whose afternoon's milk showed an average of 3.66 per cent. of fat, jumped in twenty-four hours from 2.6 per cent. to 8 per cent., falling again to 4 per cent. the next evening, and to about 3.5 per cent. in two days." It will be noticed, however, that this cow maintained a standard considerably above that set by the Board of Agriculture. He quotes the analysis of the mixed milk of a herd of forty-two cows. He states that they were highly fed, but does not mention the breed, and recent investigations all tend to show that the quality of milk depends much more on the breed of the cow than on her food. He proves that there is a marked difference between morning's milk and afternoon's milk, but does not give an average. In the case of the Heysham analysis, the average comes out well above that set by the Board of Agriculture. Thus the mere proof of variation does not amount to much, and there is another question that deserves to be considered, that is, whether it be advisable, supposing the law allowed it, for the dairy-farmers to keep



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CARTER-BOYS AND THEIR CHARGES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and colour of their butter, but are actually getting a larger proportion of butter out of the milk." This is the conclusion that will have most interest for those engaged in the production of milk, but dairy-farmers may be confidently recommended to read the whole of the article, which they will find full of knowledge and instruction.

THE PRUNING OF APPLE TREES.

The experiments at Woburn tend to reveal many things about apple trees which were not perfectly understood before. One feature dealt with by Mr. Spencer Pickering relates the variations in the size of the fruit. It would appear that the average size of the leaf during the ten years covering the experiments diminished, and it is probable that the average size of the fruit does the same. When a tree is allowed to bear too much fruit, the size suffers; but, except in extreme cases, the average size of the fruit is not affected by the heaviness of the crop, and little seems to be gained by excessive thinning. The effect of cutting back at once on planting, or deferring that operation until after the first year's growth, may depend entirely on the character of the following season, but in most cases it seems to show that cutting at once is best. Where cutting back was deferred a large loss of fruit was the consequence, and the effects of pruning would probably be astonishing to gardeners who had not tried it. Trees which were unpruned bore crops of three times the value of those which were pruned heavily, and 50 per cent. greater than those which were pruned moderately, nor did the absence of pruning diminish the size of the fruit. The unpruned trees, it is

a class of cow, say, Dutch cows, which would habitually yield milk under the average. At present, our farmers have a monopoly of milk production, and it is the only one remaining to them. They do not hold it without a menace from outside. Some importation goes on already, and if the quality of milk were to deteriorate, there would be much more encouragement for the foreigner to enter into rivalry with us. If all the milk for the ordinary market be usually supplied by a considerable herd of cows, the variation in the quality of milk given by any particular cow is likely to be made up when the milk is mixed together and the average arrived at. One of the great problems to be solved by the dairy-farmers of Great Britain is how to increase the milking capacity of their cows; how, in fact, to make really good herds out of the many inferior ones now in existence. But we scarcely think that the protest made by Mr. Charles Marshall is likely to help in producing that effect.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

During the last few weeks it is a noteworthy fact that the price of wheat has been continually tending to increase. It came down tremendously at the beginning of the cereal year, owing to the extraordinary crop harvested in Canada; but in these columns it has been argued for some time past that the later prices of wheat are never likely to be again permanent. The depression, as far as that particular point is concerned, has passed away, and no one can see a prospect of its returning. Our reasons for holding this opinion are clear and convincing. The United States used to be the chief source of supply of Great Britain;

it has recently been shown that the consumption is gaining very quickly on production, and if this goes on much further the United States will soon be an importing instead of an exporting country. The supply from Russia has this year been greatly hampered owing to the want of railway facilities. At one time thousands of tons of wheat were left to spoil in the rain, owing to the inability to get them forwarded, and it will

be some time before Russia assumes the position she once held as the supplier of wheat for English consumption. The Indian crop is so variable that it is liable to fail in any year and cause the price to go up. We have a great and welcome increase in the wheat area of Canada, accentuated this year by the fact that the crop was a bumper one, but it is not likely that it will more than make up for the shortage from other sources of supply.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GREASING A FISHING LINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to reply to the statement in your criticism on my recently-published book, "A Fishing Catechism." That "one curious error has slipped in once or twice when we are told that the object of greasing a line is 'to facilitate its running off the reel,' since, as all dry-fly fishermen are aware, only the few yards nearest the gut are so treated to prevent the sinking of the line, and these would practically never be on the reel at all through the day." I am delighted to think it may be a new "wrinkle" to you that greasing a sticky line is of great value for facilitating its running off the reel; much more so, in fact, than so treating a few yards of line next the gut to improve its floating when dry-fly fishing. Varnished lines, and those dressed with oil, are apt to get so sticky if allowed to remain damp—as is inevitable sometimes on camping-out expeditions and other occasions—through the partial decomposition of the dressing, that they run off the reel with difficulty, and many a trout and salmon escapes in consequence. The very last salmon I had hold of, when fishing in the Tees at Rokeby, thus broke away just at the moment of being gaffed, but had the precaution been taken of greasing the line the disaster would probably have not occurred, for a line so treated runs freely off the reel, no matter what state it was previously in. Of course, both in wet-fly and salmon fishing the one part of the line which would not be greased would be the few yards next the gut, which would prevent it from sinking properly, and keep it, too, near the surface.—R. F. MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

A BELATED MIGRANT.

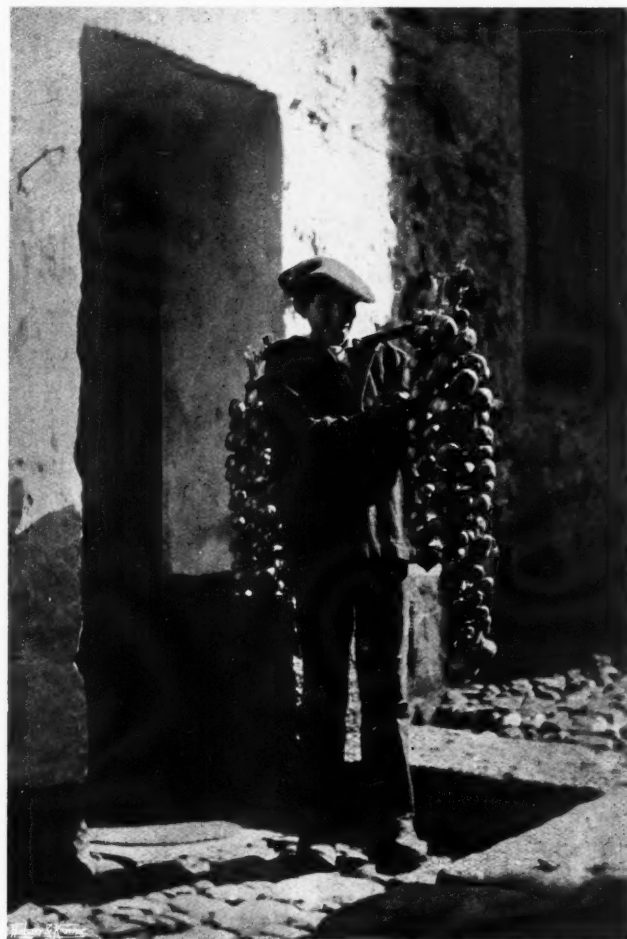
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I noticed a young martin flying round the house here yesterday (November 8th). This morning it was found dead. Is not this an unusually late date for any to remain as far North as this place, which is in the north of Lincolnshire? It is, I suppose, one of a late brood, and has been left behind by inconsiderate parents only to die of starvation, as it would probably not find many insects at this time of year.—F. A. M.

BRETON ONION-SELLERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In view of the fact that among the victims of the Hilda disaster were some of the Breton onion-sellers, the accompanying photograph may be



of interest. Inhabitants of Southampton, Ryde, and Portsmouth are familiar with these vendors of ropes of onions, which gradually, as the day passes, are offered for less and less, until sometimes I have known a whole string sold for twopence, merely to get rid of them. These poor men, however, seem to have sold theirs well, as it is reported that the amount of gold they were taking home with them totalled up to £2,000, and as they carried it sewn into their belts, it must have destroyed any small chance they might otherwise have had of getting ashore.—H. P.

NORTHERN BIRDS VISITING THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There has been a good deal of correspondence in recent numbers of COUNTRY LIFE about the sea-birds in and about the Scilly Islands, but perhaps there is something of even more interest to be said about some of the land-birds that have paid them occasional visits. The Scilly Islands, "as every schoolboy knows," lie away in the Atlantic westward and rather southward of the Land's End. The climate is very mild in winter, so that frost is hardly known there, and all sorts and conditions of semi-tropical plants flourish and multiply in the gardens of Mr. Dorrin Smith, Lord Proprietor of the islands. The commonest hedge is of the escallonia. This then is anything rather than an Arctic climate; they are islands that seem to be divided from the Arctic regions by the whole length of England, Scotland, the Orkneys, and the Shetlands, as well as by the open sea, and yet, when we take stock of occasional bird visitors to the islands, we are necessarily struck by the relatively large representation of Arctic or extreme Northern kinds. The latest recorded of these is a snowy owl, killed in March of 1905. There were two of the birds about, and one was shot by a farmer. Other visitors from the far North that have previously been killed on one or other of the Scilly Isles are the Greenland falcon, the Iceland falcon, the Iceland gull, and the glaucous gull. The first of these was killed in the month of March, the same month in which the snowy owl was killed this year. The Iceland falcon was killed in January, the Iceland gull in December, and the glaucous gull in June. If any inference, then, can be drawn from these dates it would be that the tendency of visitors from the far North coming to Scilly is to time their visits early in the year, in winter or early spring; but probably the instances are far too few to give adequate ground for any general inference, and in any case the apparition of the glaucous gull in June seems to disturb the unstable equilibrium of even the most tentative hypothesis. The truth is that in drawing any conclusion from these grounds we have to take a wide view of the distribution of these species than is afforded by the Scilly Islands alone. These Northern birds are recorded as occasional visitors to Scilly, but they are recorded as occasional visitors to the South and West of England also. They are so much more on record in the South and West than in the East, and so much on record from Ireland, and especially on its West Coast, that it is fairly evident that the trend of what Mr. Seebohm called the "gipsy migration"—for I think that it is certainly no more than this—which brings these birds to Scilly is from the North-west, say from Greenland, rather than across the length of England, which would imply a north-easterly direction. The snowy owl is a common bird and a notorious vagabond, chiefly wandering in pursuit of the lemming, in the North. It is a day-flying owl. The wanderings of any kind of gull across the sea are not hard to understand, since they can rest at will on the water, and the two gerfalcons, especially the Greenland falcon, are so powerful and swift on the wing that one cannot be surprised at any reasonable length of journey made by them. Curiously enough, there is a mammal, found in greatest numbers in the North, which is a constant resident in the Scilly Islands. It has also a home, if I am not mistaken, in the South-West of Wales and also in the West of Ireland. This is the great grey seal. It is the common seal of the Scilly Islands, living there all the year. This animal also would seem to have come to Scilly from the North-West, but its coincidence with the direction of immigration of these wandering Arctic birds is probably quite accidental. In any case, all indications point to an occasional south-easterly trend of "gipsy migration" on part of certain Northern birds, which now and again brings them right down to the Scilly Islands and the South and West of England. It may be noted that the great northern diver is always to be seen about the Scilly Islands, and also on the coasts of the adjacent mainland, except in its breeding season.—H. G. H.

YOUNG GAME BIRDS AND A SUPPLY OF WATER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the exceedingly interesting article upon "Partridges at Six Mile Bottom," which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of November 11th, some remarks are made upon the absence of water upon the ground, even without which the birds are found to do well; and as all gallinaceous birds must of necessity have a certain amount of water or moisture I should like to suggest that this may possibly be obtained by them, in exceptionally arid situations and during the prevalence of dry, dewless weather, from other natural sources. When dew falls of course that is often sufficient to supply not only partridges but a large number of other creatures with all the moisture they require for the time being; but during overcast nights, by intercepting the radiation of heat from the earth, the clouds frequently prevent any condensation of moisture upon the grass—or, in other words, "the falling of dew"—and we know that these conditions frequently obtained during the past

summer. In the driest weather, however, certain plants always exude moisture, in the shape of little dew-like bells of water, from the tips of their tender growths, and no doubt these are very helpful to the birds. The common horsetail (*Equisetum arvense*) is one of the most notable of such plants, and is a common field-weed in most places. Another source of supply may be found in the patches of froth, or "cuckoo-spit," formed as a protection for itself by the little frog-skip insect in its early stages. These, as everyone knows, are most abundant during very dry weather, and must, I fancy, frequently afford young game-birds not only a mouthful of much-needed moisture, but at the same time a juicy tit-bit in the shape of the embryo fly which the froth encloses. While upon this subject I should like also to refer briefly to the letter of your correspondent "H. G. W.," upon the application of a straight-edge to the wonderful photographs with which these partridge-driving articles have been illustrated. To apply the test which "H. G. W." has done was one of the first thoughts which occurred to me on looking at the illustrations, and the results are, as he says, most interesting and instructive. From experience one knows the pace at which driven birds come over upon such occasions, but it is quite an unique education in the art of "putting more faith in your gun" to discover from these admirable pictures the actual distance which a really good shot will hold in front of his bird. On page 661 of your issue of November 11th there is a fine illustration of a bird actually killed in the air, but I have frequently been struck with the absence of this in previous photographs. To a young or inexperienced sportsman I can conceive no more instructive lesson than a thoughtful study of these most interesting photographs.—LICHEN GREY.

TWO DEAD FALLOW DEER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I herewith send you a photograph I have just taken, which records what I think is a very extraordinary incident in wild country life, and one likely to interest your readers. It shows the heads of two fallow bucks completely and immovably locked together. The deer were found in the New Forest a few days ago quite dead. From the position in which they were found the keeper presumes that one buck attacked the other from behind, and got his antlers caught in so doing, and then by the impetus turned a complete somersault and broke his neck. Both deer fell into a ditch, and the deer that was



attacked was evidently suffocated in the mud, as it could not free itself.—F. G. SHORT.

THE PRESERVATION OF BLACK GAME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is difficult to follow the gist of Captain J. H. Baldwin's argument. He first tells us that he disagrees with Sir George O. Trevelyan's conclusions, and then proceeds to write—so far as one can understand his meaning—in an entirely similar sense. It is nothing more than elementary knowledge among those who have had full experience of black game—and few, if any, could write with greater weight than Sir G. Trevelyan—that any decrease of this fine game bird is due, in nearly every case, to the massacre of the poults in August and the indiscriminate killing of grey hens at any season. How or to what extent grey hens should be killed at all is too wide a subject for a letter; suffice it to say that were black game everywhere treated as they are on great estates such as Wallington, and many others on the Borders, there need be no fear of their diminution, much less extermination. Captain Baldwin states that he has seen old blackcocks, when coming down wind, pass safely over a line of butts. That is quite possible, but is neither to the point nor does it bear on the question of preservation, since neither the flight nor the speed of black game affords that species any special immunity. Guns, as a rule, who can kill driven grouse, can also kill blackcocks, whether down wind or otherwise.—ABEL CHAPMAN, Houghty, Wark, Northumberland.

A TARANTULA SPIDER.

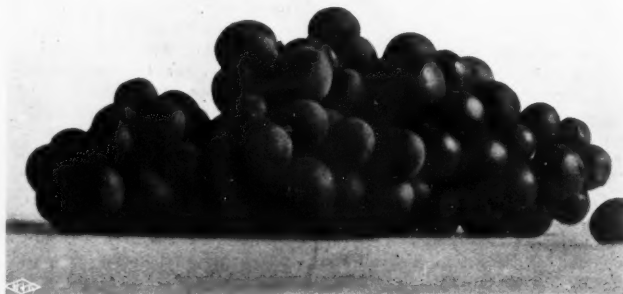
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to Mr. W. J. Clarke in your issue of October 14th, asking for name of his tarantula spider, I think it is a *Mygale Henzii*. I have one which came from the South of Mexico, with ten long legs and two short ones, whereas Mr. Clarke's has only eight; otherwise they are similar. The two short ones have nails like a sparrow's, no doubt for digging. I hope this will meet the notice of Mr. Clarke.—CHARLES F. MAZDON, 1722, Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

GRAPES IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a bunch of purple grapes cut from the vine on the west wall of my house in South Kensington. It measures some 7in. in length and 11in. in girth at the widest part, and weighs just 11oz. This is only an average specimen of the fourteen bunches, weighing in all about 10lb., which I have cut from the same vine this autumn. One branch passes through a wall, and runs along under the glass roof of a little conservatory; this has proved barren. All the bunches were grown outdoors, without artificial protection of any kind; and the vine, which was pruned last



autumn, has had no nourishment beyond plain tap-water. The bunches were never touched till they were cut. I may add that the grapes are delicious to eat, of a much fuller flavour than many that one buys in the shops. The house is about 100 years old, but I have no idea of the age of the vine. A smaller vine, bearing white grapes, did less well, having only four small bunches—perhaps because it stands against a wall facing north.—RUS IN URBE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that within half a minute's walk from Oxford Street is a vine bearing a considerable number of bunches of ripe purple grapes. They may be seen by anyone passing along Henrietta Street trailing up the front of No. 8. The grapes are small, but appear to be perfectly ripe. It seems unusual to see them so close to such a centre of traffic as Oxford Street.—S. CARROLL BENNIS.

OLD LUDLOW DOORWAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The doorway in the accompanying photograph forms part of the fine old building known as the Readers' Home in Ludlow. The date of the building, which abuts on the churchyard, is reputed to be late in Elizabeth's reign. It is of stone, the porch and storeys over it being half-timbered. In spite of its great age, the porch door and the carving shown here are as they left the original workmen's hands, though the lapse of centuries has turned their colouring to a deep black. It is rectorial property, and originally belonged to the Palmers' Guild of the Blessed Virgin, which body once possessed a college here.—I. G.

